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A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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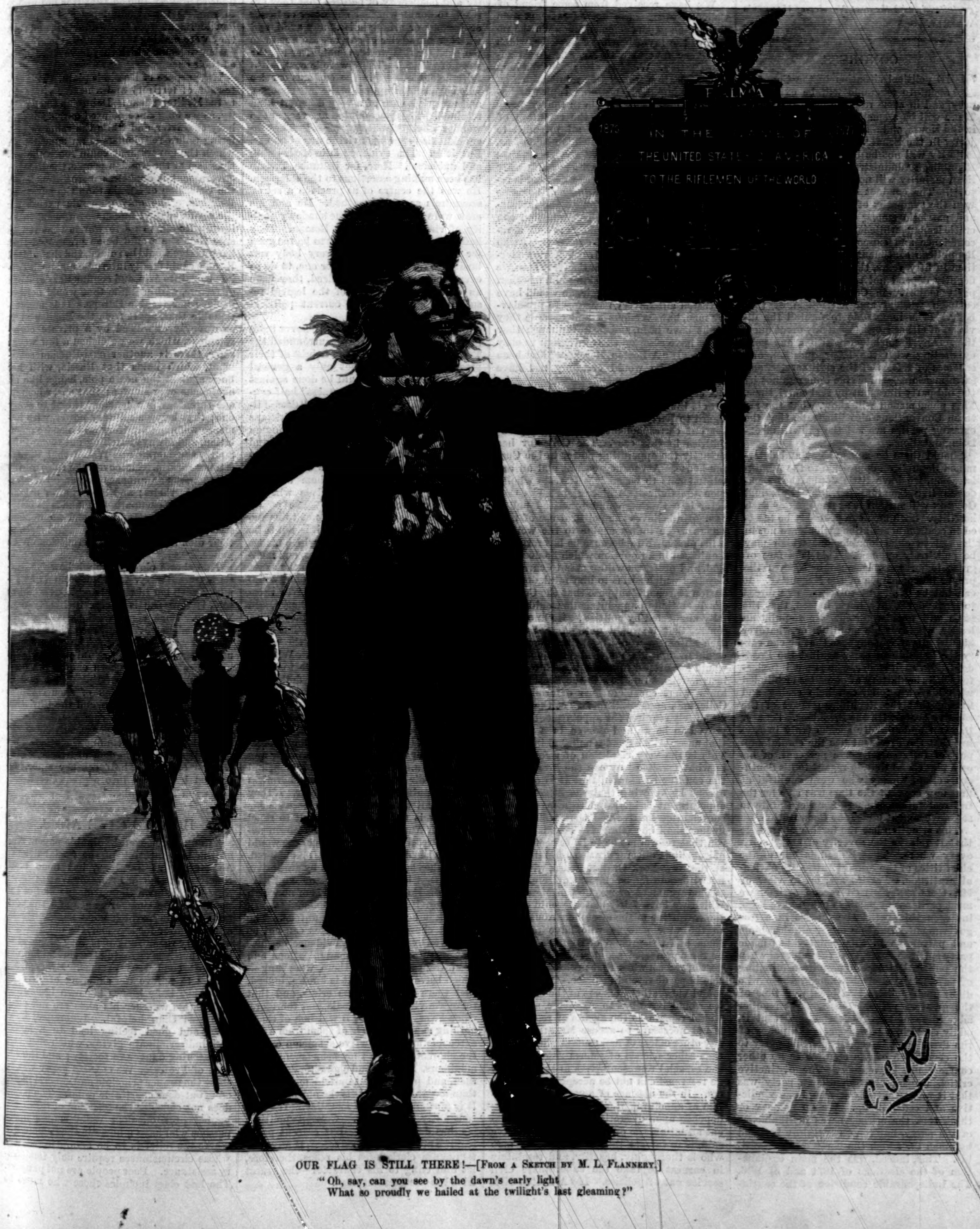
PALMA
1876
IN THE NAME OF
1877
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TO THE RIFLEMEN OF THE WORLD
C.S.R.

OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE!—[FROM A SKETCH BY M. L. FLANNERY.]

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 6, 1877.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a number of very interesting sketches of scenes in the famous Shipka Pass, and other incidents of the War in the East.*

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CONGRESS.

THE political situation in the Congress about to assemble will be extraordinary, and in some respects most fortunate. There will be a small Democratic majority in the House, and a smaller Republican majority in the Senate. Yet the Democratic majority will not be bitterly hostile to the Republican Administration, and the Republican majority will not be wholly favorable to it. The conduct of the President has won the sympathy of the more intelligent and patriotic among the Southern Democratic leaders, while it commands the hearty confidence and support of the weight of Republican sentiment. Thus, for the first time in fifty years, the President may confidently depend not so much upon a mere party majority in Congress as upon the common wisdom and patriotism of that body. It is impossible to foretell the division of either House upon any great question. Any financial proposition, any policy dealing with the labor question, any schemes of reform of the civil service, any tariff measures, will divide Congress not by the old party lines, but by real convictions. This phenomenon will show, what the autumn Conventions also illustrate, that the existing parties are not the growth of existing questions.

Should there be any evident and determined Republican opposition to the Administration, we have little doubt that Democrats like Senators Bayard, Hill, and Gordon will sustain it as against any such hostility. Such men can probably be trusted to confirm nominations which are not in themselves objectionable, but which may be politically opposed. This is a fact of great importance, because it secures the proper independence of the Executive. It can not be "brought to terms" or "forced to surrender." We hope, indeed, that the issue will not be raised. No Republican leader, whatever his ambition or whatever his discontent, can suppose that he can carry the Republican party against the President. No such leader, who is not intoxicated with the flattery of parasites or blinded with his own folly, can help seeing and feeling that the Republican heart of the country beats with the President. Senator Bayard undoubtedly speaks truly in saying that the President has the cordial support of fully seventy-five per cent. of his own party, and that, in regard to his Southern action, "many who were doubtful at first now see that the time was ripe for the full restoration of every Southern State to self-government under the Constitution."

This situation has the further advantage that it relaxes the severity of party spirit every where. That, indeed, is one of the chief titles of the Administration to national gratitude. Parties are, or, in view of Mr. Goldwin Smith's recent article, we must perhaps say parties always have been, indispensable political agencies in a free government. But they are so all-absorbing, and patronage in this country has made party spirit so fierce, that the interval when the political situation permits a mingling of patriotic sympathies among those who differ upon policies is a breathing time of the greatest value. There is yet another advantage of this relaxation, and that is, oddly enough, a party one. The policy of the President has commended his party to the confidence of the country as no other course could have done. The distinctive criticism upon the Republican party was that it was essentially sectional and vindictive and centralizing. We do not say or think that the criticism was justifiable, as of the party, but it was certainly justified by much for which the party was responsible. This, indeed, was the main explanation of the elections of 1874 and of 1876. The indispensable condition of the continued vigor of the party was a restoration of faith in it as the more probable agency of progress and reform, and of a wise treatment of new issues. This faith had unquestionably been disturbed. The nomination of Mr. Hayes tended to revive it. His administration has confirmed it. And the one thing that has prevented a more universal and cordial restoration of confidence in the Republican as the party of peace, as it was the party of war, has been the reluctance and hesitation of many of its Conventions heartily and enthusiastically to sustain the Administration. The approaching session of Congress will be one of the most interesting for a generation; and all that the Administration can ask is that those who approve the general wisdom of its course shall show plainly that they do approve it.

QUESTIONS FROM BOSTON.

We have received from some friend of Collector Simmons in Boston extracts from the Boston papers commenting upon the report of the investigating committee, which was very favorable to Mr. Simmons's administration. We have also received a long communication from "A Boston Merchant," with a pamphlet containing copies of letters and documents on file in the Treasury Department, and asking the retention of Mr. Simmons. These are all intended to emphasize the inquiry which is made of us, whether reform of the civil service requires the removal of an officer who is confessedly faithful and efficient, whose retention is requested by a respectable body of business men, and who agrees to follow the instructions of the President. This question can best be answered by another: Will a reform be properly carried out by those who do not believe in it? If "A Boston Merchant" were formerly an antislavery man, we answer his question by asking him whether, in the crisis of the struggle, he would have intrusted antislavery measures to pro-slavery men, however honest and capable they might have been, and however much they might have asserted their intention to obey orders. If "A Boston Merchant" had been in earnest, he would certainly not have done it.

A cardinal condition of any essential reform is the appointment of officers without regard to party or political considerations. Let our correspondent consider the probabilities in this case. The Collector has virtually the appointing power in the Custom-house. A vacancy occurs, and an appointment is to be made. It rests wholly upon the Collector's discretion. The Collector is a thorough and practiced politician. He believes the political use of patronage to be indispensable to the welfare of his party. Now because he has formally acquiesced in an opinion which he does not hold, and professes willingness to carry out a system which seems to him fatal, does "A Boston Merchant" suppose that the Collector's discretion in appointments would be totally unaffected by politics? He knows, of course, that it would not. Actual orders such an officer would doubtless obey. He would resign his political positions. He would not attend caucuses, if such were his instructions. But how is the President to know what considerations determine the Collector's appointments? Yet the reform absolutely requires the appointment of men proved to be fit, and proved in a manner that necessarily excludes political influence. This is the very condition of reform; and in what possible way can the President or the country be assured that it is observed except by knowing that the discretion of appointment is intrusted to a man who is conscientiously resolved that political influence shall be excluded? That is the reason that reform is not to be expected from officers like Collector Simmons and the heads of the New York Custom-house, who may, notwithstanding, be efficient officers.

The argument of "A Boston Merchant," which we have fairly stated, would confide the correction of the most monstrous abuses to the very persons who have practiced them, and the ground of confidence would be their professed acquiescence in the purpose of reform when that profession was the sole hope of retaining place. Were this a sound view, all the officers of the civil service would have but to acquiesce, and they would remain as the agents of reform. It is not necessary to accuse Mr. Simmons or any other officer of nefarious duplicity. All that sober friends of reform assert is that the especial representatives of the thing to be reformed can not be accepted as reformers. In the absence of any reasonable system of appointment, and when every thing depends upon discretion, which is the present situation, the only security, as we have said, is to intrust that discretion to a man who is thoroughly, heartily, and resolutely in earnest to take the subordinate civil service out of politics. If "A Boston Merchant" believes the Boston Collector to be such a man, it is not surprising that he is amazed that the friends of reform have expected to see him replaced by some one who has not been mainly noted as the most sagacious and skillful political manager in his State. We can understand, indeed, that it is much harder to remove an officer whose retention has not only been respectably requested, and who has been efficient, but who has been, as it were, accepted as an agent of reform. And if we agreed with Secretary Sherman that politics ought to decide the minor appointments made by Collectors and others, we should certainly regard the Boston Collector as an excellent civil service reformer.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

There are a great many persons who are so disgusted by the apparent utter venality and insincerity of politics that they are ready to doubt whether character or honor or decency or principle is of any avail, and whether the advice of gay rascals, not to be too good for this world, is not, after all, the word of wisdom. There were honest, faithful, efficient officers in the customs service who have been dropped by the late changes, and many who are of a very different kind retained. The disappointed are very apt to wonder whether honesty "pays." The others chuckle to see that virtue was of no use. But it is. The evidence is overwhelming and universal. Here, for instance, Tweed has been making assertions to the aldermen. He was the centre of as precious a set of scoundrels as ever breathed. He and his crew were much surer of the shadowy quality of virtue than the old Roman. They had made up their minds not to be too good for this world, and, since every body was busily looking out for number one, to do as every body was doing. Indeed, they were an extreme illustration of the logical result of a great deal of current political morality.

Circumstances were certainly never more propitious than those which surrounded the Tweed banditti, and in the height of their prosperity there was not only a general feeling that nothing could be done against them, but that their "smartness" half condoned their knavery. But these "dreadfully smart" people, these practical politicians who were not too bright or good for human nature's daily food, are now outcasts and criminals, and their chief is a prisoner who is accusing others in the hope of releasing himself. The skeptics of whom we have spoken may well ask themselves whether Tweed's career has "paid." The young politicians who are exhorted not to be too good, to take human nature as it is, not to be romantic and visionary—all of which means to make hay while the sun shines, and money as you can—may now measure the exact value of such advice. Those whom Tweed accuses, whether the public believes them guilty or not, stoutly deny the charge, and call him a liar. Why? Because they know, despite their theories and sneers, that character is the richest possession in the world, and that the world so regards it. Why are the men who would not hesitate to buy a Senator's vote for a thousand dollars so anxious to repel the accusation of having done it? Simply because they know instinctively that honor and good character "pay."

But this is shown much more impressively in another way. Tweed's stories, or any charges of any kind made by any man, and with any air of probability, drop harmless from recognized personal character. If they stick at all to any man, it is because his character is not such as of itself to repel them. If Abraham Lincoln had been accused of receiving a bribe, the charge would have perished almost before it was uttered. Tweed has been repeating, as by authority, stories that have been whispered and half believed. But Tweed's word is of no worth whatever. He has heretofore solemnly sworn that what he now asserts is untrue. The gravest charges that he makes can not be disproved by documentary evidence, because they rest upon verbal communications and upon transactions—if there were any—which leave no trace. It is known, indeed, that there was enormous crime, and that there were leading criminals, and therefore, when he says that A or B was one of them, nothing can save either of them from a disagreeable and destructive suspicion except the character which they bear among their neighbors. Honesty and character do "pay," then, and pay a thousandfold more richly than any thing else. It is the oldest truism. It is a commonplace of morality. Yet it is constantly challenged. Current political maxims deny it flatly. But current political life proves it conclusively. If any Custom-house clerk loses his place, therefore, let him cling to his character—the truest friend in the greatest need.

CIVILIZATION AND THE WAR.

In the tremendous conflict in Turkey, full and hearty sympathy is possible for neither side. Viewed simply as a war between Russia and Turkey, it is, indeed, undeniable that the cause of civilization is in the Russian camp, not because the civilization or the Christianity of Russia is admirable, but that Russia is more civilized than Turkey. It was a blunder of the English Government, which events will certainly make even more evident, not to insist that the question should be settled by combined Europe, and should not be left to the violent adjustment of Russia alone. Whatever tends to produce this result of a combined settlement is to be welcomed. If it be a misfortune for Europe and the world that the provinces of the Danube are subject to Turkey, it would have been also a serious misfortune that Russia should promenade across the Balkans to Constantinople. The Turks now stand so firmly and fight so bravely, indeed, that it is not unfair to suppose that their delay and apparent bewilderment were shrewd tactics, and that they were making ready for the bloody Bulgarian welcome which they have since offered their enemy.

The purpose of Russia is plain. It is extension of territory and a nearer approach to the Mediterranean. Danubian Christianity, as we long since pointed out, is not of a lofty character, and while the relief of suffering fellow-religionists is an appeal with which the government could rouse the enthusiasm of the Russian people, the Russian government is doubtless more intent upon the extension of Russia than the succor of Bulgaria. The only plausible excuse for the action of the English Government in allowing Russia to go to war is that it was sure that she would be so prostrated that her prestige would be ruined, and that united Europe could finally interpose and push Turkey back into Asia, and confine Russia, shorn of terrors, within limits that would neither menace nor trouble Europe. It is unquestionable that, apart from the English view so strongly expressed by a private correspondent, which we published a few weeks since, there is another anti-Russian sentiment, which holds that Russia, with her back against the north pole, hangs like an avalanche over Europe; that she, whom no one threatens, is a constant threat to every one; that being a military power, with immense unfertile territory and a spare population, and always reaching out toward the South, she is the sole reason that Europe can not disarm. Moreover, she rules all the states that she annexes in her own interest, not in theirs; and to-day, after a hundred years of occupation, Poland is as bitter against Russia as at first, and no wonder, since six Polish gentlemen can not meet at their own homes without permission of the police.

This shows plainly enough how far Russia is from liberty. But the ground of sympathy with her in this struggle, as we have said, is that she is nearer to liberty than Turkey. Such considerations as we have mentioned, however, may reconcile us to the obstinacy of the contest. The general popular impression of the awful power of this vast, mysterious Northern empire has been rudely shaken in the Shipka Pass and at Plevna. A prolongation of such conflicts must exhaust both sides, and the Christian powers, regarding both combatants as common foes of European peace, may choose to expel the one and to confine the other. We may yet see the kingdom of Greece, which Europe created a half century since, expanded by Europe into a great Greek empire upon the Danube.

HOW TO GIVE ALMS.

There were several valuable papers read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association at Saratoga, but none more timely than that of Professor Wayland, of New Haven, upon the out-door relief of the poor. As the summer wanes and the winter approaches, which must necessarily be a hard winter for the poor, the old question of charity recurs, and it is very pleasant to know that it is engaging the careful inquiry of most competent persons. Every body wishes to relieve the suffering of poverty, yet every body knows his own ignorance, and doubts whether his alms are not more injurious than helpful. Ignorance, however, and good feeling lead to a lavish and indiscriminate giving, which fosters a threatening danger to society; and the object of Professor Wayland's paper was to show the proper principle and general method of out-door charitable relief. The paper does not consider the question of tramps or paupers, for out-door relief contemplates persons who have a home in the community where the relief is to be administered, and whose circumstances require only temporary assistance. Poor people are not paupers. The last class includes those who must be wholly and always supported by others. Out-door relief is not for them, because their proper home is the poor-house.

The three methods of such relief are, first, with funds raised by taxation, and distributed by paid officers; second, with funds raised by taxation, and distributed by a municipal board in accordance with the recommendation of unpaid officers, or of supervisors selected from reputable citizens; and third, by voluntary contributions, distributed by unpaid agents. Professor Wayland considers the three methods. The first, in his judgment, is the worst. It tends to make paupers by fostering and confirming the habit of dependence, destroys the self-respect of the poor, encourages deceit, tends to political corruption, and is most wasteful of money. It is also a mere perfunctory system, which not only loses the moral advantage of personal sympathy, but has the positive demoralization of all ceremonial charity. The second plan, better than the first, yet encourages the idea that the State is bound to support the idle poor; moreover, its agents are politically selected, and are therefore dependent in a degree upon the votes of those whom they are to relieve. This is a most serious objection. The third system, where voluntary contributions are distributed by unpaid persons who volunteer from interest and a sense of duty, is plainly preferable. The agent acts under a high sense of moral obligation. He is a steward conscious of his trust of the money of the charitable, and aware of the peril of wasting it. Moreover, he has an immediate personal relation to those who are relieved.

This system requires, of course, the most mature organization, but for all small towns and country neighborhoods it is by far the best. Its efficiency in large towns will depend wholly upon the number of sincere and thorough workers who have the necessary public spirit to undertake the service. A region must be subdivided into very small districts, for each one of which an individual visitor is responsible, who must perform his work so efficiently that the community finds by experience that relief may safely be intrusted to him. The moral effect of such a system in destroying class jealousies and promoting the common welfare, not only by humanely helping the poor, but by chastening the extravagance of the rich, is incalculable. In the great multitude of smaller communities this is a method, when fully in operation, that may wisely supersede all official relief. It requires a sacrifice of time, of money, and of personal ease upon the part of those who undertake it. But its results are so beneficent that they are a rich compensation.

A REPUBLIC UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Government of poor Marshal M'Mahon in France shows as little ability as any French Government could be supposed to possess. Every step from the dismissal of the late ministry has been a mistake. It is reported from Berlin that the German authorities are of opinion that civil war in France can not be avoided. But if the French republicans continue to show the same good sense that has marked their conduct during the summer, the marshal can hardly be so ill advised as to provoke a conflict in which the judgment of the world would be against him. If he were an astute man, his order to the army, of which we spoke at the time, might be considered as designed to draw out an expression from all sides which would show how far he could depend upon general sympathy if he should attempt extreme measures. His later speech, in which he solemnly declared that he should honestly respect the Constitution, would, in that view, indicate that he had satisfied himself that he could count upon no other than reactionary support. He is now going forward to the elections amid a universal conviction that he will not be sustained at the polls.

This has been the best opinion in France from the beginning, and the prosecution of Gambetta is therefore one of those useless provocations which imply the utmost folly. The ground of the prosecution is a speech at Lille, in which Gambetta assumed that the Government might not actually violate the laws, but that they would strain and pervert them in every way for their own political purposes, although in vain, and that when France had pronounced against the ministry, the marshal must submit or resign. This was his offense, and for this, as a libel upon the marshal, he has been sentenced by the local court to a fine and three months' imprisonment. It is alleged that this sentence deprives him of all civil rights for five years, and, on the other hand, that he can delay final judgment on appeal until after the election, when his privilege as a Deputy will protect him from arrest, and even release him should he be in prison. But whatever may be the effect of the prosecution upon Gambetta, its effect upon the Government is evident enough. It is the wanton blow of a nerveless hand. The public peace is not threatened; the words of the speech expressed only what every body thinks; there was no incitement, no appeal; and the prosecution is plainly without the least justification.

The final test of the quality of republican good sense in France will follow the election, if the Government, as is probable, should be defeated by a great majority, and should then again dissolve the Chamber and appeal once more to the country. This would be mere defiance and revolution under the forms of the Constitution. It would be a sore provocation. But if the patience of the republicans should give way, and they should appeal to arms, the marshal would sternly repress violence with force, and the apprehension of Berlin would be justified. Grievous as the wrong would be, however, it would so surely place the marshal under the ban of intelligent opinion in Europe and America that the body of his supporters would dwindle, the interests of France would seriously suffer by the prolonged excitement, and the majority against him would be so decisive that the Senate might be surely trusted to refuse its assent to a third dissolution, and the prophecy of Gambetta would be fulfilled—the marshal would be forced either to submit or to resign. The republic in France advances under difficulties, to which, however, the republicans have thus far shown themselves equal.

THE PRESIDENT UPON HIS "POLICY."

In his speech at Cincinnati, the President, in referring to his course in the Southern States, said that it was taken not because it could not be helped, but because it was wise and right. This is the true ground. The representation of such action as an experiment, in any other sense than all human action is an experiment, is foolish. Is it supposed that, after some months have passed, an investigation will be undertaken to ascertain whether it works—according to some unknown standard—and if found to be working unsatisfactorily, that the troops will be restored to the Columbia and New Orleans State-houses, and Messrs. Chamberlain and Packard replaced in their positions of March 4? Or is it in this sense an experiment, that if next year the condition of the two States is not what somebody may think it ought to be, the Republican Conventions will denounce the President as Mr. Chamberlain denounced him at Woodstock? The course pursued in Louisiana and South Carolina was an experiment as all measures of government are experiments, but in no other sense. The national authority can intervene in those States only upon the conditions which would authorize intervention in New York or Illinois.

So long as the talk about "experiment" is continued, the Republican party, as such, seriously suffers. It will necessarily forfeit a large and essential support if it is to be supposed that at any moment, under the allegation of protecting equal rights in any State, the national government may proceed to act independently of the State authorities. This is apparently the demand of the Wisconsin Republicans. But they give no clew to any method by which they think such action could be taken. We assume, therefore, that as no particular meaning can be found in the resolution, it was meant only to satisfy the brethren who think that the President has surrendered, but who mean still to abide in the fold.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lewis P. Clover, formerly of this city, and now of Brooklyn, on the 2d day of September celebrated the sixty-first anniversary of his wedding day. Mr. Clover forty years ago was the proprietor of the only fashionable looking-glass and picture-frame store then in the city. It was a place of resort for Gilbert Stuart, Colonel Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Jarvis, and eventually of Henry Inman and his contemporaries. Here it was that Dr. Hosack, Verplanck, Washington Irving, Halleck, and other literary men of the day, together with the elder Kean, Cooper, the elder Booth, and Tyrone Power, met and exchanged their thoughts, their gibes, and their jokes. On the breaking out of the war of 1812, Mr. Clover, then some eighteen or twenty years old, shipped as a privateer, was captured by the enemy, taken to England, and confined in Dartmoor Prison. In the massacre of the American prisoners he was shot through the body. Ten years ago he celebrated his golden wedding, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. Mr. Clover retains his fondness for society, and is rich in reminiscences of the olden times of New York. He is fond of talking of the celebrities he has met, and tells characteristic anecdotes of them with vivacity and a keen appreciation of character. On the evening of the celebration of the sixty-first anniversary of his wedding day, as a contribution to the festivities of the occasion, he sang "Cease, rude Boreas" with a strength of lungs that would have charmed Paul Jones had he been present to hear it. Mr. Clover is certainly one of the most interesting men born at the close of the eighteenth century still living among us.

—Henry M. Stanley, whose successful expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone awakened world-wide admiration, has achieved another triumph, which places him in the front rank of African explorers. Livingstone discovered the great river Lualaba, Cameron followed its course a certain distance, and geographers suspected its connection with the Congo; but it has remained for Stanley to establish beyond a doubt that the Lualaba and the Congo are one river. With a courage and endurance rarely equalled, this intrepid explorer followed the course of the great river to its mouth on the Atlantic coast, braving dangers that even Cameron shrank from, through regions which had never been penetrated by a white man, where fever, the hostility of savage tribes, and other perils constantly beset his little force and threatened it with destruction. The public waits with impatience for the details of his marvelous journey.

—Mr. Archibald Forbes's famous dispatch describing the battle of Plevna was transmitted to the London *Daily News* at a cost of $1200.

—The London *Court Journal* of September 8 announces with great positiveness that "Mr. Gordon Bennett will bring out his London daily paper, after all; his arrangements are being made for that purpose."

—The late Miss Una Hawthorne is said to have been that one of the novelist's children who most strongly resembled him in personal appearance. Miss Hawthorne's last years have been passed in charitable work in England, and it is told of her that she often made her own purse very slender in her generous efforts to help others.

—Canon Liddon, who is now the great run-after preacher of London, said, in a recent sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral, that some public prayers resembled a leading article in a newspaper, "although thrown into the unusual form of an appeal to the Almighty."

—Edward Eggleston, one of our on-coming novelists, is a native of Vevay, Indiana. At nineteen he became a Methodist preacher, and rode circuit. After editing juvenile and other papers he came East, worked a year on the *Independent*, edited *Hearth and Home* a year, and retired to write novels. He is now forty, preaches in the Church of the Holy Endeavor, in Brooklyn, and has an immense Sunday-school.

—Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, looks an old man, though he is only forty-nine. He has been eleven years in the Senate, and is one of its ablest members. He looks like St. Jerome, and when in repose folds his hands across his breast as if he were accustomed to hold a skull under them.

—Mr. E. W. Blyden, the new Liberian ambassador to England, is the first minister ever accredited to that country by a negro state. He is of pure negro blood, and was educated chiefly in Liberia. He has excellent ability, has been a professor in the College of Liberia, has contributed very clever articles to *Fraser's Magazine*, and has served in the Liberian government. He has been received by Lord Derby.

—William A. Stewart, the Republican nominee for Associate Judge of Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, is a colored man, forty-three years old. He was admitted to the bar in 1853, but failing to achieve success, owing to his color, returned to his trade of barber. Later he studied medicine and type-setting. He now owns a barber shop in New Castle, Pennsylvania, and is the only colored man ever nominated for a county office in Pennsylvania. His chances for election are good.

—Dr. Schliemann has offered to present his collection of Trojan curiosities to the South Kensington Museum, London. He made a similar offer to the French government in 1874, but it was not accepted within the stipulated time, owing to the unsettled state of affairs. The proffered curiosities belong to the prehistoric period, and consist of reliefs taken from the five cities on the hill or plateau of Hassarlik. This collection is altogether unique, for, with the exception of two goblets found in the tomb of the kings of Mycenæ, nothing of the kind has ever been discovered.

—Of M. Thiers the following characteristic story is told: Shortly before his death he was asked how it happened that, at his advanced age, he had again taken to politics. "Oh," replied he, "I had given up all that sort of thing. I felt the weight of my years, when suddenly the events of the 16th of May occurred. That aroused me. I said to myself, I am old, but still I think I can be of some service to my country. I thereupon set myself to work again."

—The late Samuel Warren, whose famous *Ten Thousand a Year* was the great fiction of thirty-five years ago, left personal property of the value of $60,000 to his widow and children. The manuscript of that novel he bequeathed to his eldest son, "trusting he will retain it as an heir-loom as long as possible."

—Prince Bismarck was recently entertained by a military friend, by whom he was treated to an elaborate disquisition on the deeds, errors, and chances of the Russian and Turkish armies. Bismarck listened quietly, but expressed no opinion on the matter, till his friend asked him plainly what he thought about them. The Prince replied, laconically, "I think that each army is just getting the thrashing it deserves."

—The Duke of Portland has sent to the London fund for the relief of the Turks suffering in the war another $5000, making his total subscription $20,000. This is very liberal, but it was far exceeded by the late Alexander T. Stewart, who sent *thirty thousand barrels* of flour to the sufferers of the Franco-German war. After the great Chicago fire, Mr. Stewart sent for the relief of the sufferers his check for $50,000; and none of us have forgotten his present, in 1847, of a ship-load of provisions to Ireland when her people were suffering from famine.

—Among the bankers in attendance at the National Convention of Bankers, held a few days since in this city, were several gentlemen who possess abilities of the highest order as debaters. Conspicuous among them may be named Mr. William S. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal, and Lieutenant-Governor Woodford. The speeches of these gentlemen would have commanded attention if they had been delivered in Congress or in the British Parliament. Essays on financial subjects, characterized by ability of a high order, were presented by Professor Perry, Mr. James Buell, president of the Importers' and Traders' Bank of this city, and other gentlemen.

—A pleasant gossiper at Washington speaks of Senator Booth, of California, as a man who will come out prominently some day. He is cool, calm, and contemplative. He is too indifferent to be warmly prejudiced for or against any thing, and is accustomed to look out of impartial eyes. There is a great deal of latent ability in him, and when he exhibits it he will astonish the people. Booth is a *dilettante*. He has handsome hands, and wears them gloved. His clothes fit him too neatly to allow him to do any heavy lifting, but he is of that material that he will take off his coat when he gets interested. He and Senator Oglesby, of Illinois, are great friends, almost inseparable, though utterly unlike in character, the latter being a diamond in the rough. They walk to the Capitol arm in arm every morning, and ride home together at night.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Massachusetts Republican State Convention met in Worcester, September 19, the Hon. G. F. Hoar presiding. The present State officers were renominated on a platform indorsing the President's Southern policy and civil service reform. The New Jersey Democratic State Convention met on the same day, and nominated General George B. M'Clellan for Governor by a vote of 804 out of 983. Abbett received 156 votes. The Maryland Republicans, September 20, approved of the President's policy, and nominated Dr. G. E. Porter for State Comptroller.

The Court of Appeals of this State has decided in favor of the constitutionality of the rapid transit act relating to New York city.

A collision occurred on the New York Central Railroad near Rome, September 21, by which three persons were killed and seven wounded.

The Nez Percés were defeated by our troops under General Sturgis, on Cañon Creek, September 14. Numbers of Indians were killed, and many horses were taken. The Crows got away with all of the Nez Percés' pack animals. They report that the river Crows from Musсleshell have headed off the Nez Percés, and are driving them toward General Sturgis. In two fights the Crows and soldiers have captured nearly 1000 horses. The Crows have about 400 Nez Percés horses at the agency. Over 300 Crows were to join General Sturgis on the evening of the 14th, when he would again pursue the Indians. General Howard was twenty-five miles behind him.

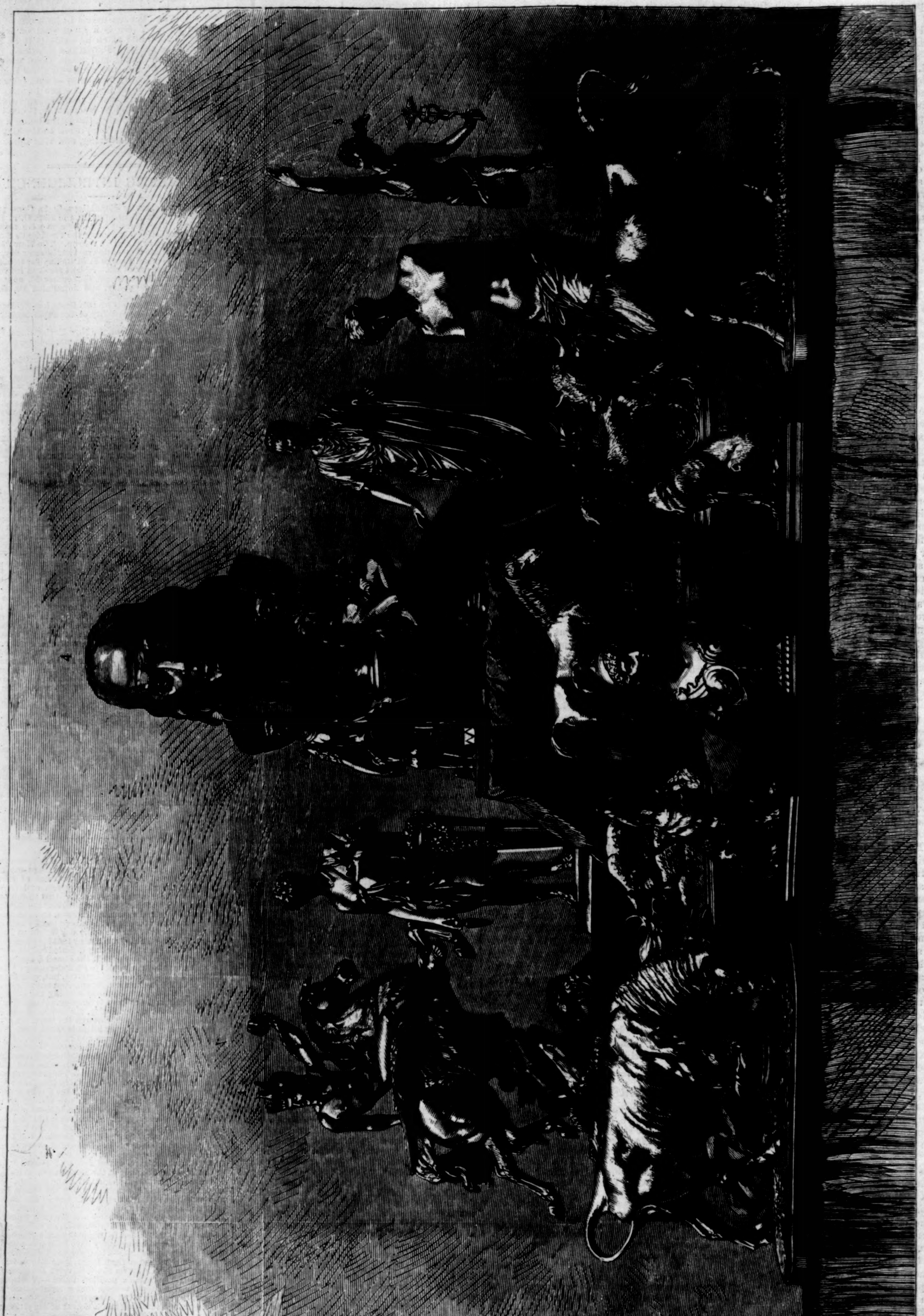
General Sheridan is in receipt of the official report of the battle at Big Hole, Monday, August 9, and of the operations in that district preceding the battle. Colonel Gibbon reflects severely on the inhabitants of Montana, who sustained the murderous Nez Percés by trading off provisions to them for stock stolen by them from whites, thus prolonging their flight and adding to the danger of pursuit. The best estimate of the strength of the hostiles gave them 260 warriors, well armed and equipped. By forced marches Colonel Gibbon came up with them with a command of seventeen officers, 132 men, and thirty-four citizens. The attack was made late at night, the Indians being completely surprised; but as they immediately sought the bushes for shelter, and poured their volleys into the troops as the latter came into the open ground, they did considerable execution. However, in twenty minutes the whole camp was in possession of the troops. The Indians being driven out, still fired with deadly effect at long range. By change of base shelter was obtained, and retaliatory firing was begun with equal destruction of Indian life. The Indians, in the mean time, had captured the howitzer, which was coming under escort and on a mule's back, the few privates who were with it fleeing incontinently and leaving the officers to an unequal fight. During the day various stratagems were employed, but it was eleven o'clock at night before the Indians finally withdrew. On the 11th the dead were buried. General Howard came up that day, but too late to render assistance. The report speaks in the highest terms of praise of the conduct of the officers and men, and mentions only a few of the killed and wounded as chiefly noteworthy for bravery. The complete list is appended, showing twenty-nine killed and forty wounded. The burial party reported eighty-three dead Indians found on the field, and six more found dead in a ravine some distance from the battle-field.

FOREIGN NEWS.

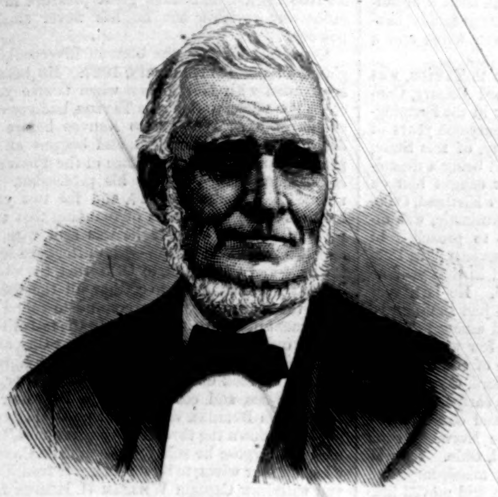
The Eastern War: The latest official telegram from the Russian army, dated Gorny-Studen, September 19, says that the blockade and bombardment of Plevna continue, the siege proceeding by sap and trench. The movements of the week are reported as follows: Mehemet Ali, on the 13th, telegraphed that the Eleventh Russian Corps had evacuated Tirnova, and proceeded in the direction of Biela to re-enforce the Twelfth and Thirteenth corps. On the same day Suleiman Pasha telegraphed from Shipka, claiming that his Circassians penetrated to Elena, where they defeated 500 Russians, killing fifty-two. On the 15th, the Grand Duke Nicholas sent the following report to St. Petersburg: "Last evening the Turks assaulted Grivitza, but, with the assistance of the Russian and Roumanian reserves, were repulsed. To-day we continue shelling the enemy's fortifications, and the town is burning. According to reports received up to Friday, 239 mounted officers and 9482 men have passed through the hospitals since September 7. The number killed is about 3000. The total loss is about 300 officers and 12,500 men. Up to the morning of September 14 the Roumanians had lost about sixty officers and 3000 men, killed and wounded. The spirit prevailing among the Russians and Roumanians is excellent."—The London *Times* correspondent at Shipka reports that on the 17th inst., after seven hours' steady fighting, in which the Turks showed extraordinary gallantry, they, at five o'clock in the evening, took Fort St. Nicholas, the highest point of the Russian works, capturing five guns, but later, owing to large re-enforcements received by the Russians and the enormous difficulty of the position, the Turks were obliged to abandon it. General Radetzky's official account of the fighting does not admit that the fort was ever occupied by the Turks. He says: "After five days' bombardment, the Turks, at three o'clock in the morning, made a sudden attack on the fort. The attack subsequently extended along the whole line, and was repulsed, with enormous loss to the Turks, after a desperate fight, which lasted nine hours. The Russian loss was nine officers and 400 men wounded and 100 killed. Prince Mestchensky, an aid-de-camp of the Czar, was killed."—Major-Generals Skobeleff, Dragomiroff, and Imeretinsky have been promoted to lieutenant-generalships.—The *Golos*, at St. Petersburg, publishes a telegram from Igdyr, Asia Minor, which shows that the Turks, on the 18th, were cannonading General Tergukassoff's position there.—A dispatch from Constantinople reports that a great battle was fought, September 21, at Biela, on the Jantra, lasting ten hours, and resulting in the defeat of the Russians, with a loss of 12,000 men.

The Satsuma rebellion in Japan is ended. The final battles were fought, August 14 and 15, near Nabuska, in the province of Hinga. The insurgents were totally defeated. Saigo, with 350 men, broke through the imperial lines, and they are now fugitives. The remainder of the insurgent forces, numbering several thousand, surrendered in a body. Saigo is now hiding in the mountains.

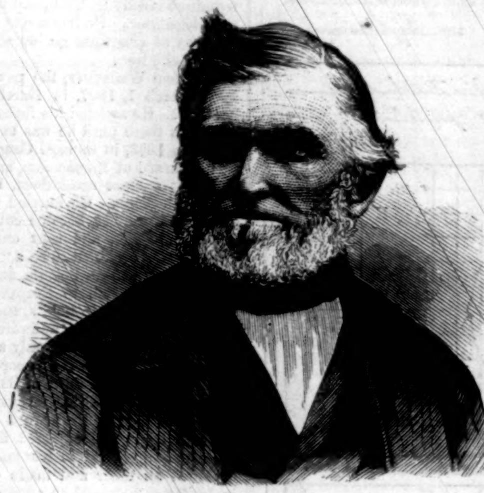
President M'Mahon has issued a manifesto touching the coming elections for Deputies. He avows his respect for the Constitution, and denies that he intends to overthrow the republic. As candidates misused his name at the last election, the President promises to designate those who are authorized to use his name.



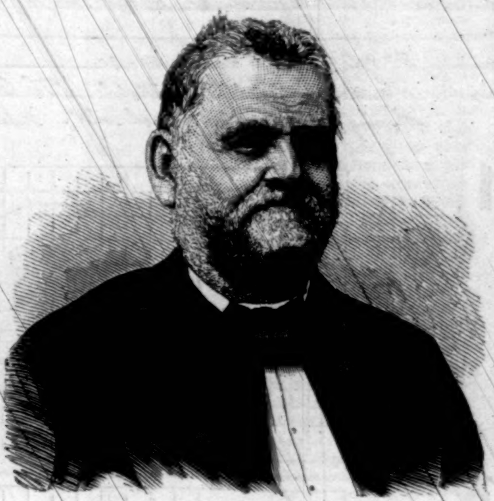
CREEDMOOR—INTER-STATE RIFLE-MATCH PRIZES.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 782.]



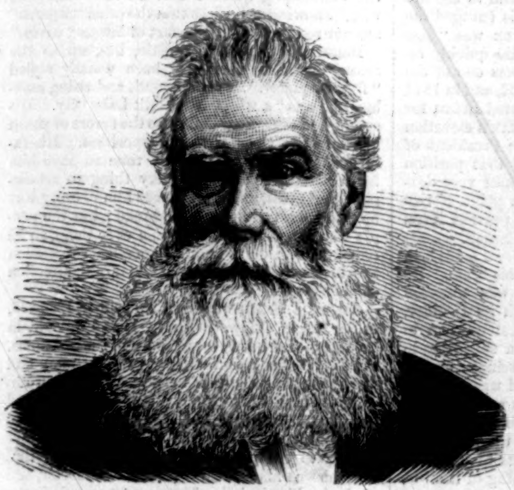
JOHN TAYLOR.



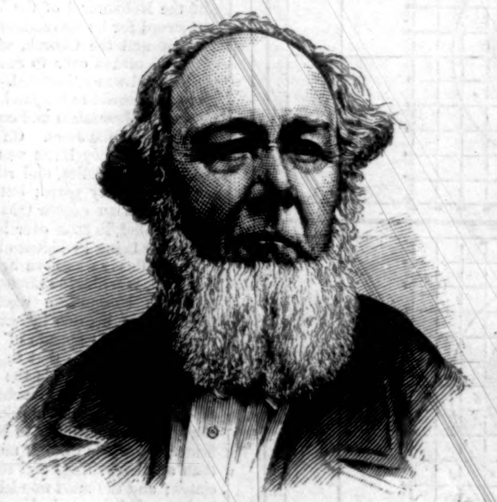
WILFORD WOODRUFF.



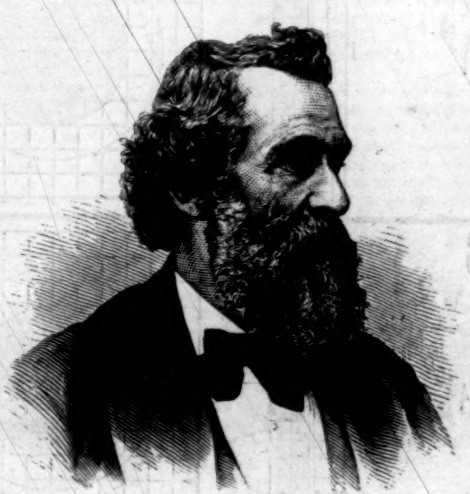
ORSON HYDE.



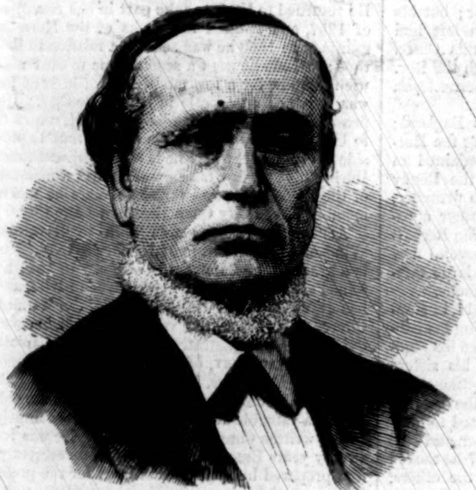
ORSON PRATT.



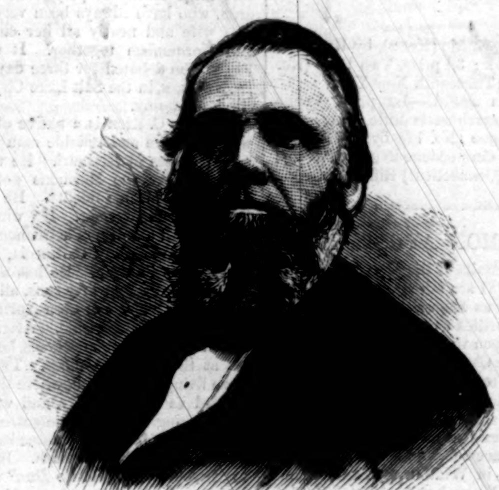
CHARLES C. RICH.



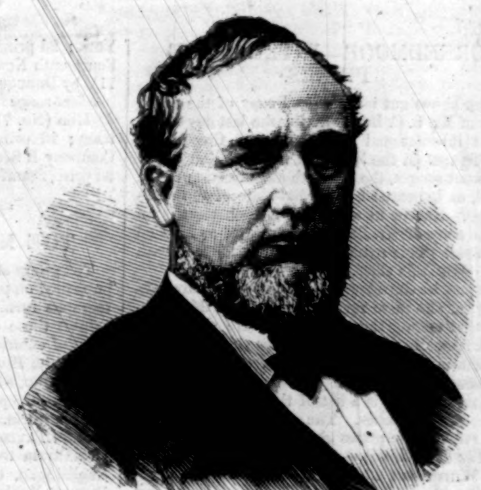
LORENZO SNOW.



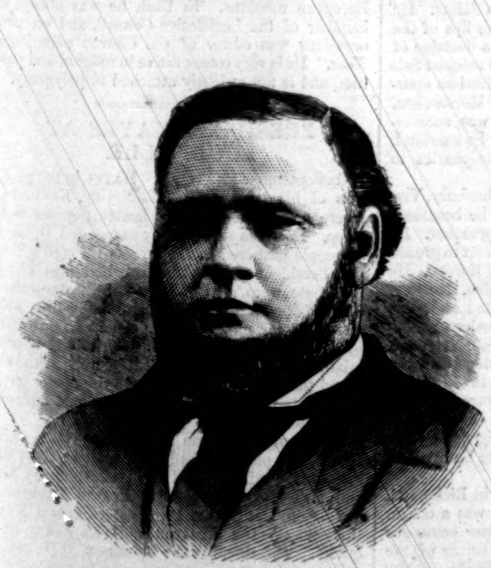
ERASTUS SNOW.



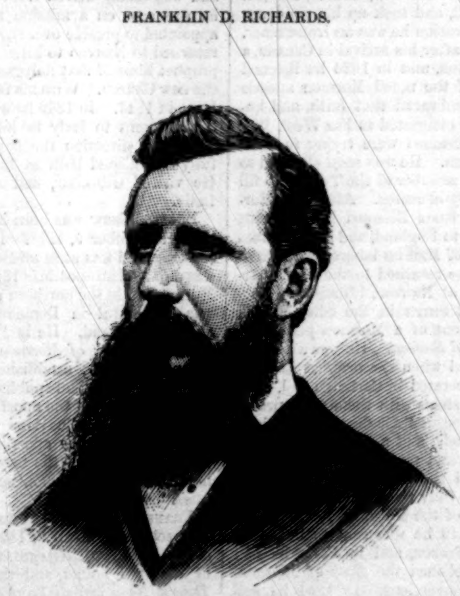
FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS.



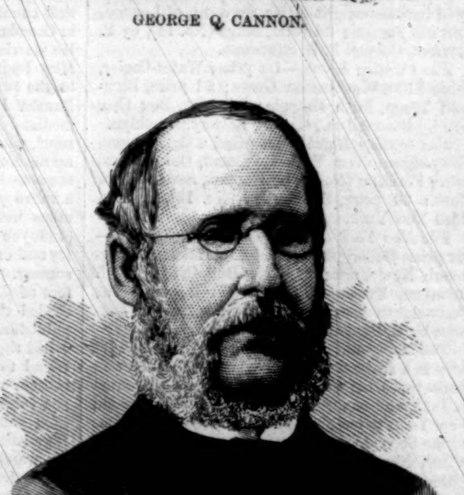
GEORGE Q. CANNON.



BRIGHAM YOUNG, JUN.

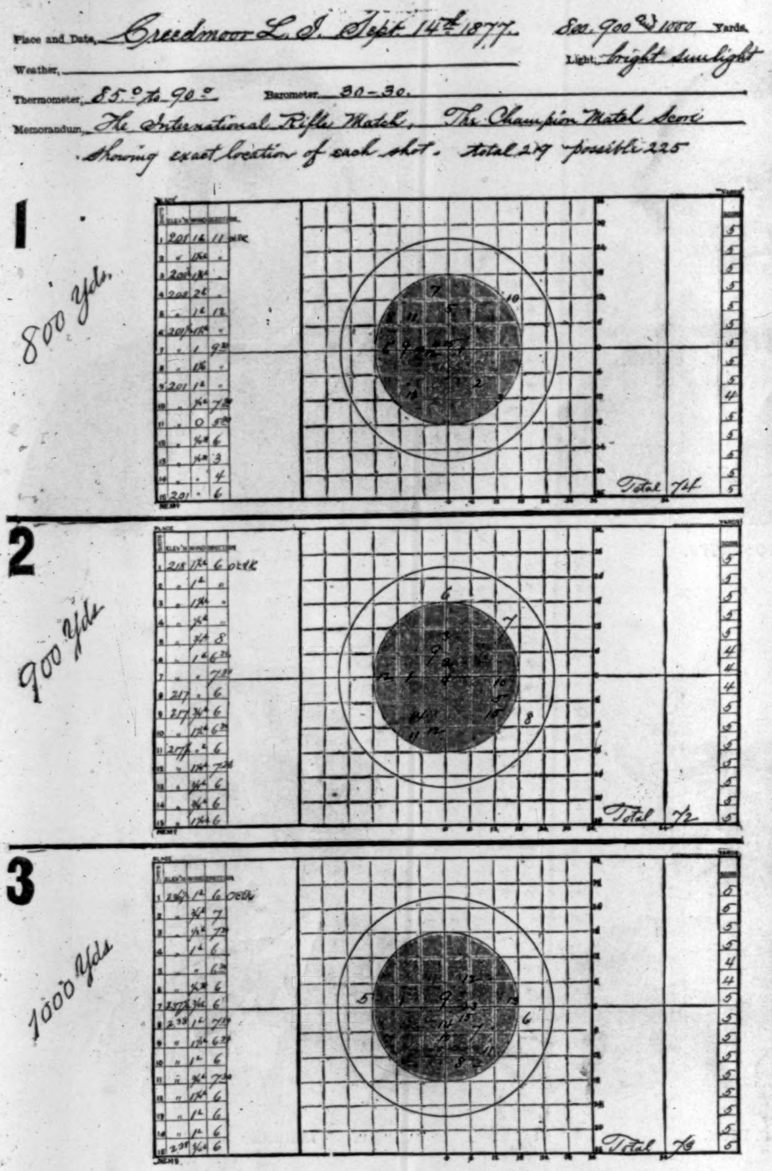


JOSEPH F. SMITH.



ALBERT CARRINGTON.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES OF THE MORMON CHURCH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAVAGE, FOX, AND SAWYER, SALT LAKE CITY.—[SEE PAGE 782.]



Place and Date, Creedmoor L. I. Sept. 14th 1877. 800. 900 & 1000 Yards.
Weather,
Light, bright sunlight
Thermometer, 85° to 90° Barometer 30-30.
Memorandum, The International Rifle Match. The Champion Match Score showing exact location of each shot. total 219 possible 225

1
800 Yds.
Total 74
2
900 Yds.
Total 72
3
1000 Yds.
Total 73

SCORE CARD OF L. C. BRUCE—LAST DAY OF THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

CREEDMOOR—INTER-STATE PRIZES.

The above cut is a reduced copy of the score card of Mr. L. C. **Bruce** during the last day of the great international rifle match at Creedmoor. The figures on the left show the elevation at the different ranges, the strength and direction of the wind, as indicated by the dial-plate of the wind-gauge. Except in respect to size, this cut is an exact copy of Mr. **Bruce**'s score card as kept on the field. This remarkable score was made with one of **Sharp**'s rifles.

It may be considered as a proof of the advancement of the taste for the fine arts in this country that among the prizes that were shot for at Creedmoor, fifteen of the trophies consisted of artistic bronze statuettes selected from the stock of Messrs. **Tiffany** & Co.

The following is a list of the prizes won in the inter-State matches. The numbers in parentheses refer to the prizes given on page 780.

The Judd Match.—1st prize, trophy or $50, E. W. **Whitlock**; 2d prize, $30, W. H. **Gilder**.

The Short-range Match.—1st prize, watch, aneroid barometer, gift of Mr. **Stewart**, of London, **Edward Squire**; 2d prize, Stags (No. 14), by P. J. **Mêne**, Colonel E. H. **Sandford**.

The Cavalry Match.—1st prize, Water-Cooler, value $100, Washington Greys; 2d prize, Ringgold Troop, Fifth Brigade; 3d prize, Dog (No. 10), by **Barye**, Jun., Gatling Battery, Brooklyn.

The Gatling Match.—1st prize, a Gatling gun, Forty-eighth New York Regiment, Oswego; 2d prize, Franklin (No. 4), by **Houdon**, Seventh New York; 3d prize, Penthesilea (No. 13), Twenty-third New York.

The New York State National Guard Match.—1st prize, Bellerophon (No. 1), by **Herbert**, Fourteenth New York; 2d prize, Bull (No. 9), by I. **Bonheur**, Twenty-third New York; 3d prize, Forty-eighth New York; 4th prize, Seated Mercury, by E. **Herbert**, Ninth New York.

The Army and Navy Journal Match.—The 1st prize is a silver trophy, valued at $750, to be won three times before it is held. It was presented in 1873, and has been won by the Twenty-second New York, twice by the Seventh New York, once by the Second Connecticut, and now by the Forty-eighth New York. 2d prize, Bull (No. 15), by I. **Bonheur**, Second Connecticut; 3d prize, Flying Mercury (No. 8), by **Jean de Bologne**, Seventy-first New York.

First Division New York State National Guard Match.—1st prize, Deer and Greyhounds, Seventy-first New York; 2d prize, Cicero (No. 6), Eighth New York; 3d prize, Diana (No. 3), Ninth New York.

Second Division New York State National Guard Match.—1st prize, Twenty-third New York; 2d prize, Ganymede (No. 2), by **Herbert**, Fourteenth New York; 3d prize, Two Dogs (No. 11), by **Dubuquand**, Thirteenth New York.

Short-range Team Match.—1st prize, Venus de Milo (No. 7), Massachusetts Rifle Association team; 2d prize, Horse (No. 12), by P. J. **Mêne**, Company E Second Connecticut Regiment team; 3d prize, Stamford (Connecticut) Rifle Club team.

THE MORMON APOSTLES.

The group of portraits of the Mormon apostles published on page 781 are taken from recent photographs furnished us from Salt Lake City, and exhibit those celebrities as they are at the moment of entering upon their new mission of governing the Mormon Church in the stead of **Brigham Young**, whose recent death elevates them as a body to the presidency of their Church throughout the world.

John Taylor, president of the Apostles, who is virtually in the place of **Brigham Young**, is an Englishman, born in Winthorp, Westmoreland County, England, November 1, 1808. He left that country in 1832, and took up his residence in Canada. By profession he was an iron-turner. He married, shortly after his arrival in Canada, a Miss **Leonora Cannon**, and in 1836 he listened to the preaching of the noted Mormon apostle **Parley P. Pratt**, embraced that faith, and immediately afterward emigrated to Far West, Missouri, where the Mormons were trying to build up the New Jerusalem. He was soon elevated to the apostleship as a member of the Twelve, to fill a vacancy created by apostacy. After the Mormons were driven from Missouri he was sent (1839) on a mission to England, and in that country and on the Isle of Man he labored with great success. In 1841 he returned to the head-quarters of the Church, at Nauvoo, Illinois, and succeeded the prophet **Smith** in the editorial and publishing department of a Mormon periodical, called the *Times and Seasons*. He was a devoted friend to **Smith**, and when the prophet and his brother were incarcerated in Carthage jail, **Taylor** volunteered to share with them their prison life; and at the time of their death he received four balls in his body, and a fifth ball, striking his watch in his breast pocket, threw him back upon the floor, and the incident saved his life. In a short time he fully recovered. In 1846 he joined the exodus of the Mormons to the Rocky Mountains. In 1849 he was sent to introduce Mormonism into France, and in Paris he had translated and published the *Book of Mormon*. There were few conversions. In 1854 he was appointed to preside over the disciples in the Eastern States, making this city his head-quarters; and here he published a weekly paper, called *The Mormon*, which was stopped by **Brigham**'s order on the outbreak of the "Mormon rebellion" in 1857. From that time **Taylor** has remained chiefly in Utah, and has been a prominent legislator. He has a very large family, having had at one time six or seven wives and a host of children.

Wilford Woodruff, the next to **Taylor**, was born March 1, 1807, in Hartford County, Connecticut. He assisted his father in the Farmington Mills there until he was twenty-one years of age. In 1833, in Oswego County, of this State, he first heard of Mormonism, and being a dreamer about ancient revelations, it caught him on the first hearing. He hurried to Kirtland, Ohio, to see the prophet, became enthusiastic, was ordained an elder, and sent out to preach. In 1837 he was ordained to be a "seventy;" in 1839 he was ordained an apostle, and in that year he went on a mission to England. He is a very plain man, simple in habits, and just such a missionary as could do an unlimited amount of fire-side preaching. He has only a few wives, and a small family of not over a score of children.

Orson Hyde was born in Oxford, Connecticut, January 8, 1805, lost his parents early in life, and soon learned to pick up work and education by his own efforts. He joined the Mormons soon after they appeared in Kirtland, Ohio. He was ordained an elder and made a missionary, and in 1835 was ordained an apostle, and moved into Missouri. During the time of "persecution" there **Hyde** indorsed a statement and affidavit that had been made by **Marsh**, the President of the Apostles, that **Smith** intended to make himself the Mohammed of the West, and to use fire and sword for its attainment. This enraged the prophet and the Church, and **Hyde** was "cast out" and turned over to Satan. He quickly repented, and was re-instated. He was one of the first missionaries to England, in 1837, and in 1841 he went to Jerusalem and consecrated Judæa for the return of the Jews. On **Brigham**'s elevation to the presidency **Hyde** was made President of the Twelve Apostles, and retained that position for nearly thirty years; but **Brigham** very dextrously, with an excuse that had a point of reason, elevated **Taylor** over him to prevent **Hyde** from ever being President of the Church.

Orson Pratt was born September 19, 1811, in Hartford, Washington County, in this State. He embraced Mormonism when he was nineteen years of age, became intimate with its founder, was ordained an apostle of the first quorum in 1835, and has since that time been unceasing in its propagation. He is the only scholar among them; has travelled, preached, and written more than any one in the Church. His writings have converted more people to Mormonism, and confirmed the whole Church more in the new faith, than all the writings and teachings of his associates; and the most wonderful thing of it all is, he honestly believes in Mormonism. He was for many years the most popular man in the Church; but **Brigham** labored faithfully for years to destroy his influence, and succeeded. He has a very large family of polygamic wives and children, who have always been very poor; but his first wife and nearly all her children left him and Mormonism together. It was this **Orson Pratt** who debated for three days with the Rev. Dr. **Newman**, in the Salt Lake City Tabernacle, on Bible polygamy.

Charles C. Rich is a native of New England; was an active and reliable man during the Mormon troubles in Missouri. He was ordained an apostle, after the Mormons got to the Rocky Mountains, for his fidelity. He is no preacher, but a splendid farmer. He, with another apostle, founded a Mormon settlement at San Bernardino, in the south of California, and several new settlements in Utah. He has a very large family, including about fifty sons, all Mormons.

Lorenzo Snow was born April 3, 1814, in Mantua, Portage County, Ohio. After taking his education at the common schools, he closed his studies at the Oberlin College. Two of his sisters were living at Kirtland, where the Mormons first located as a community, and while the brother was visiting the sisters he got converted to Mormonism, was baptized, ordained an elder, and sent out preaching the new faith. In 1837 he moved to Missouri "to build up Zion" with the others, and was finally driven from the State. In 1840 he was sent on a mission to England, and was appointed to preside over the London Saints. He returned to Nauvoo to learn from the lips of the prophet himself that polygamy was a doctrine of the new Church. With his family he reached Salt Lake in 1847. In 1849 he was ordained an apostle, and sent to Italy to introduce Mormonism. Under his direction the new faith was successfully established both in Italy and Switzerland. He visited Gibraltar, and sent missionaries to India.

Erastus Snow was born in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, November 9, 1818. In 1833 he became a Mormon, and was soon an eloquent preacher. He was ordained an apostle in 1849, and sent to preach Mormonism in the northern states of Europe. He was successful in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and even Iceland. He had translated and published the *Book of Mormon* and modern revelations in Danish, established in Copenhagen a Mormon paper, and published extensively the principal works of the apostles. Between 15,000 and 20,000 Scandinavians have, since the first appearance of that apostle there, emigrated to Utah, but many of the most intelligent of them have abandoned Mormonism, and are now "apostates."

Franklin D. Richards was born in Richmond, Massachusetts, April 2, 1821. He was a cousin of Dr. **Willard Richards**, the former counselor of **Brigham Young**, and the first editor of the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City. He joined the Mormons when quite a youth. In 1844 he was ordained a high-priest, and in 1846 he was sent on a mission to England. In 1849 he was ordained an apostle, and appointed to preside over the British Saints, who then numbered about 50,000. He holds the rank of brigadier-general in the Nauvoo Legion, and takes great pleasure in parades and reviews, but he has never smelled powder.

George Q. Cannon was born in Liverpool, England, on the 11th January, 1827. He became acquainted with Mormonism when twelve years old. His uncle, the apostle **Taylor**, had converted his parents. He got to Nauvoo before the death of the prophet **Smith**, and became an apprentice compositor in the office of the *Times and Seasons*, and claims that as his profession. He reached Salt Lake in 1847, and for two years took his share in the toils of founding that colony. In the fall of 1849 he was sent, with the apostles **Amasa M. Lyman**—who afterward apostatized—and C. C. **Rich**, to California, the object of that mission being to gather all the tithing from the Mormon gold-diggers and to found the settlement of San Bernardino. In the fall of 1860 he was ordained an apostle in Salt Lake City, and a few weeks later was sent to preside over Europe. In 1867 he took charge of the Church paper, the *Deseret News*, and continued to be its editor till 1872, when **Brigham** vowed that he would "cram polygamy down the throats of Congressmen," and for that purpose he selected the apostle **Cannon**, who had four wives, to be the Delegate from Utah, and withdrew Captain **William H. Hooper** from the halls of Congress because he "was only the husband of one wife." Spasmodic efforts have been made to oust the apostle from his seat in Congress, but he has maintained his position by the humiliating quibble that he has "only one wife," knowing as he does that the other "women" are not recognizable in a court of law as "wives."

Brigham Young, the apostle, has, up to the recent death of his father, been usually styled "**Briggy** junior." In early youth and rising manhood he was "a wild boy" in Salt Lake City. His errors, however, were limited to the errors of youth more than to viciousness of disposition. His father was very anxious at one time to have him for a successor, and did every thing to accomplish that point, and so advanced him in every way he could both at home and abroad; but the people would not have him to rule over them, so he remains tenth on the roll of apostles—a position to which he only attained by the doting affection of his sire. He has three wives.

Joseph F. Smith was born November 13, 1838, at Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri, right in the midst of the severest troubles of the Mormons. His father was intentionally an honest man, and when polygamy was first introduced by his brother the prophet, **Hyrum** opposed it fiercely and denounced it openly. **Joseph** at length succeeded in getting a revelation that converted his brother **Hyrum** to the patriarchal faith, and from that time he was his nearest friend and counselor, and died with him in jail. The present apostle is the son of **Hyrum**, the so-called "martyr." He is of a most cruel and ferocious disposition. The stories told of him in Salt Lake City are frightful. He has, however, the quality of an earnest preacher. He returned to Utah to take part in the rebellion of 1857, and entered the ranks of the Mormon militia. In 1860 he was sent on a mission to Europe; in 1865 he went a second time to the Sandwich Islands, for a few months only; in 1866 he was ordained an apostle in Salt Lake City. He presided over the British mission in 1874, returned to Utah, and was appointed a second time to preside over Europe, where he is at the present time. During his stay in Utah he was always a member of the Legislature, and for some years he was a member of the City Council of Salt Lake City.

Albert Carrington was born in Royalton, Windsor County, Vermont, January 8, 1813. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College. In 1841 he joined the Mormons, reached Nauvoo in 1844, and has ever since been with the body of the Mormon Church. He is a man of varied accomplishments, quiet and undemonstrative in daily life. Captain **Howard Stansbury**, of the United States Topographical Engineers, in his surveys of Utah attached Elder **Carrington** to his staff, and the elder was a valuable attaché, and contributed largely to the written Congressional report. He was for twenty years **Brigham Young**'s private secretary, and prepared his reported sermons for the press. He was ordained an apostle about seven years ago, and since that has twice presided over the European missions. In Utah he was always a member of the Legislative Council, and on two occasions was editor of the Church paper, the *News*. He is very conservative in religion and politics, and is not ardently attached to polygamy.

PRESIDENT HAYES AT LOUISVILLE.

On September 17, President **Hayes**, in the progress of his tour, reached Louisville, Kentucky, where he received a most hearty popular welcome. Business was entirely suspended, throngs of people gathered in the streets through which the President passed, and the buildings along the route were gayly and tastefully decorated. On arriving at the railway station he was welcomed, in the name of the people of Louisville, by the Mayor of the city, in a brief and appropriate speech. The President merely acknowledged the courtesy, and through the Mayor gave the people to understand that he would address them later in the day.

The formal welcome took place at the Galt House. A platform had been built in front of one of the windows. It was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. **Hayes**, Secretaries **Evarts**, **Thompson**, **Schurz**, and **M'Crary**, Postmaster-General **Key**, Governors **Wade Hampton** and **Van Zandt**, and others. The Rev. **Stuart Robinson**, D.D., made a very warm address of welcome, in the course of which he said:

"A mere official welcome, however admirably given, must be, in the nature of the case, rather too cold for the expression of that warm place in Southern hearts and that high place in Southern confidence and esteem which our Chief Magistrate has won for himself by his firm and steadfast determination to rise above all partisan considerations, and be the President of the whole country. And therefore we are gathered here again, simply as the men and women of Kentucky in our social capacity, to give him, besides the formal official welcome, the warm welcome of the heart."

The remarks of Dr. Robinson were received with loud and prolonged applause by the crowd assembled to greet the President. When he stepped forward to reply, some time elapsed before the applause subsided so that his voice could be heard. This is the moment chosen by our artist for the illustration on page 788. The President's speech was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. The burden of his remarks was an earnest and patriotic plea for a fraternal union of the whole people of the United States "on the basis of the Constitution as it now is, with all the amendments"—a sentiment to which the great throng about the platform warmly and heartily responded.

The President was followed by Messrs. Evarts, Wade Hampton, Secretary Schurz, and several other speakers, whose words breathed the same sentiment of union and good-will. The reception was in every respect a memorable occasion.

A THREAD OF GOLD.

"She's false," said one, "as false can be;
No truth illumes her lovely eyes,
Her rose-red mouth, her smile; her words
Of tenderness are naught but lies."
"And never yet," another cried,
"Did beauty hide a heart so cold,
A soul so proud with Satan's pride."
"She's kind to all the poor and old,"
A sweet-voiced maiden soft proclaimed.
"I've seen her many a winter day
Pause in the street to offer alms
To those whose heads were bent and gray."
Then straight I thought, "And God will think,
When all her reckless life is told,
Of what through baser metal ran,
A shining thread of sterling gold."

THE CHAMELEON.

From very ancient times the curious changes of color which take place in the chameleon, and its supposed power of living on air, have been the wonder of the uninformed, and have furnished philosophers and poets with abundant material for metaphor. The belief that the animal can live on air has been exploded long ago, and was no doubt due to its power of long fasting and to its peculiar manner of breathing. It is only quite lately, however, that any satisfactory explanation has been given of the apparently capricious changes which take place in the color of the chameleon, the latest researches on the subject being those of M. Paul Bert, the French naturalist, which have been described in a recent paper by M. E. Oustalet.

The first probably to give any rational account of the causes of the puzzling changes of color in these reptiles was the celebrated French naturalist Milne-Edwards, about forty years ago. After a patient and minute examination, he discovered that the coloring matters of the skin, the pigments, are not confined, as in mammals and birds, to the deep layer of the epidermis, but are partly distributed on the surface of the dermis, or true skin, partly located more deeply, and stored in a series of little cells or bags of very peculiar formation. These color cells are capable of being shifted in position. When they are brought close to the surface of the outer skin, they cause a definite hue or hues to become apparent; but by depressing the cells and causing them to disappear, the hues can be rendered paler, or may be altogether dispersed. It is noteworthy that the cuttle-fishes change color in a similar manner.

Underneath the color bags (or *chromoblasts*, as they are called) of Milne-Edwards, Pouchet, a recent inquirer, has discovered a remarkable layer, which he calls *cærulescent*, and which possesses the singular property of appearing yellow on a clear and blue on an opaque background.

M. Paul Bert, within the last two years, has by his researches thrown still further light upon these curious changes, and upon the mechanism by which they appear to be accomplished. By a series of careful experiments he has discovered that these changes of color seem to be entirely under the control of the nervous system, and that the chameleon can no more help them taking place than a toad can help twitching its leg when pinched. By acting in various ways upon the spinal marrow and the brain, the operator can send the color to or withdraw it from any part of the body he pleases. Indeed, a previous observer was able to cause a change of color in a piece of the skin of the animal by acting upon it with electricity; and M. Bert has proved that even in the absence of the brain the usual changes can be produced by exciting the animal in any way, thus showing that they are due to that class of nervous action which physiologists name *reflex*, and of which sneezing is a good example.

It was formerly known that during sleep, and also after death, the chameleon assumed a yellowish color, which under the influence of light became more or less dark. M. Bert has found that exactly the same effects are produced during anæsthesia as during natural sleep, and that light influences not only dead and sleeping chameleons, but that it modifies in a very curious fashion the coloration of the animal when wide-awake. The same result is produced when the light is transmitted through glass of a deep blue color, but ceases completely when red or yellow glass is used. To render these results more decisive, M. Bert contrived to throw the light of a powerful lamp upon a sleeping chameleon, taking care to keep in the shade a part of the animal's back by means of a perforated screen. The result was curious: the head, the neck, the legs, the abdomen, and the tail became of a very dark green, while the back appeared as if covered with a light brown saddle of irregular outline, with two brown spots corresponding to the holes in the screen. Again, by placing another animal quite awake in full sunlight, but with the fore part of its body behind a piece of red glass, and the hind part underneath blue glass, M. Bert divided the body into two quite distinct parts—one of a clear green with a few reddish spots, and the other of a dark green with very prominent spots.

From his researches, as a whole, M. Bert concludes: 1. The colors and the various tints which chameleons assume are due to changes in the position of the colored corpuscles, which sometimes, by sinking underneath the skin, form an opaque background underneath the cærulescent layer of Pouchet; sometimes, by spreading themselves out in superficial ramifications, leave to the skin its yellow color or make it appear green and black. 2. The movements of these color bags or chromoblasts are regulated by two groups of nerves, one of which causes them to rise from below to the surface, while the other produces the opposite effect.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 7.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 14.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 18.—St. Luke the Evangelist.
Sunday, 21.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude; Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

Mr. Moody has offered to hold a series of meetings during the coming winter in Hartford, Connecticut. The first of January is the time fixed upon.

A certain degree of curiosity will be felt by the Christians of this country to see and hear the Rev. George Müller, the founder of the famous asylum for orphans near Bristol, England. In an address delivered shortly after his arrival in this country he gave this account of the origin of his great work: "In 1834 I founded the orphan asylum. Its beginning was almost insignificant, but good. The principles on which it was founded were, 'That the living God alone should be its patron, and that we would never go into debt, but patiently wait on God to supply the means for caring for the children.' So I prayed for help. The expense now for one day is as great as the expense of the whole first year of the institution. We require now on an average about $620 a day, or $225,000 a year." Mr. Müller's faith might be described, in one aspect of it, as a confidence that the Christian people of England will sustain any needed charitable work which they see to be wisely administered. And knowing this, he has taken pains to spread the facts before the world: good facts make the strongest possible appeal. Mr. Müller's simple faith in Providence has in it something beautiful, but his shrewdness and practical sagacity have had much to do with his success.

Dr. Crosby carries on his war against the tippling-shops of New York city in a very practical fashion. His latest declaration of principles contains the following telling points: "1. The 8000 groggeries of New York are a direct cause of much of our pauperism and crime. 2. These groggeries do no good whatever as a set-off to the fearful evil. 3. The vast majority of New Yorkers would rejoice in their suppression. 4. United action will suppress them. 5. *No religious, moral, or political theory is involved in the matter; it is a work of decency, order, and common-sense.* 6. The present laws are sufficient to do the work. 7. Hotels are necessary; groggeries have no excuse to live. 8. The courts will soon show that three bunks in a back-room can not transform a groggery into a hotel." The division of temperance reformers into parties and subdivisions of parties, each holding its pet theory—religious, moral, theological, and very often illogical—has hitherto made much of their labor wholly nugatory. Dr. Crosby proposes to rally together the citizens of New York in the name of order and decency. He ought to have a great following.

Letters from missionaries in Madras give fearful accounts of the ravages of the famine. One who writes to the *English Independent* says: "In trips taken lately by the devoted Governor the people were found unclothed, their houses roofless (the thatch which covered them having been pulled down to feed the starving cattle), their crops gone, their cooking utensils and farming implements sold, and the ryots gone to the nearest poor-houses. Grain has now reached a price five or six times exceeding its ordinary value, so that it is beyond the power of the poor to buy it. Thousands have thus to maintain life as they best can on jungle roots and leaves, on aloes, prickly-pears, and wild fruits. Many in the city of Madras, driven to the last verge of despair, go about the streets offering their children for sale; and others, longing to end a miserable existence, throw themselves down wells, or lie down on the railway lines." The English missionaries are especially active in securing relief for the native Christians under their care. The Indian government has appropriated £8,000,000 for food supplies. The money raised in London and paid over to the Lord Mayor amounts to £90,000.

The growth of the Roman Catholic Church in New England has been rapid, and deservedly attracts attention. At a recent meeting of the members and friends of the Evangelical Alliance, held in Boston, the Rev. Dr. Dorchester, a well-known authority in ecclesiastical statistics, presented the following summary: Catholic archbishop in New England, 1; bishops, 6; priests, 549; churches, 508; chapels and stations, 167; colleges, 2; students, 168; parish schools, 86; asylums, 15; hospitals, 6; estimated population, 900,000. In Boston there are 30 churches and chapels and 89 priests, 4 convents, 9 asylums and hospitals, 9 parochial schools, with 4086 scholars. The *Catholic World* thinks that New England will become "distinctively Catholic" sooner than any other part of the United States. It grounds this opinion on the facts that the migration into New England, though small, is mostly Catholic, that the migration from it is non-Catholic, and that the Catholic population increases in a more rapid ratio than the Protestant. On the other side, it may be said that the total population of New England is 3,487,924, which leaves the Catholics greatly in the minority, and that the power of the Church to hold its people when in close association with an intelligent Protestant population remains to be tested. It is admitted, too, by the Catholic papers that since Ireland has become prosperous, the rate of increase of the population has diminished.

An event in the recent history of Protestantism in France which has excited much comment is the secession of Théodore Monod, Jean Bost, and M. Bersier from the Free or Voluntary Churches to the state Church. M. Jean Bost is the founder of successful charitable institutions at Laforce, Théodore Monod is the son of Frédéric Monod, and M. Bersier is well known to Frenchmen and foreigners as one of the first of French Protestant pulpit orators. All of these ministers have published the reasons for the change of their ecclesiastical position. Their secession will be seriously felt by the advocates of voluntaryism in France.

One of the curious incidents of the Eastern war is the demand in the Russian army for Bibles and Testaments. An agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society reports: "More than 60,000 Bibles and portions of the Scriptures have been bought lately by the soldiers of the Russian armies since they crossed the Pruth. Large editions have been required, and the books were sent from Vienna, Odessa, St. Petersburg, and London.....It is a strange thing, and yet not less true than strange, when fierce-looking Cossacks, armed to the teeth, thank you ten times over for having brought them the New Testament, and when they can scarce be restrained, in the gladness of their hearts, from taking you up in their bony arms to give you a well-meant, albeit none the less dreaded, hug of gratitude." It is said that comparatively few of the Russian soldiers are unable to read, the government laying upon the subaltern officers the duty of seeing that their men are taught.

The assertion of Bishop Tuigg, of Allegheny, that only "five per cent. of the Pittsburgh rioters were Catholics," has excited great surprise. As it stood it was simply incredible. Curiosity was felt to ascertain by what processes of arithmetic the bishop worked out this result. At last we have it; the *Freeman's Journal* explains, and as the explanation is a curiosity, we reproduce it: "Bishop Tuigg answered, '*I am told not five per cent. were Catholics.*' Bishop Tuigg gave a large margin. That a large, very large majority were *Irish*, baptized Catholics, the bishop did not deny. But they were of the *Ancient Order of Hibernians*, known in Pennsylvania as Molly Maguires. These, under whichever of their names, better prepared than his late predecessor, Bishop Tuigg has put out of the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, as was his bounden duty, from knowledge of the oaths, obligations, and obedjences of this Ancient Order of Hibernians, or Molly Maguires."

To all intents and purposes these persons were Catholics, and Bishop Tuigg's distinction does not help his case a particle. In any census of the population the rioters would have reported themselves as Catholics; they no doubt attend Catholic churches, and when they die will be buried by Catholic priests. There is an old proverb about whipping a certain personage around, etc., which will readily be applied to the bishop's statement.

"THE AMULET-SELLER."

The artist from whose work our admirable double-page engraving is made is a Russian painter of great note in his own land, and favorably known in other European countries. His name is Henry Siemiradzki. He received an excellent education in the schools of St. Petersburg, and evinced so great a gift for painting that he was sent to Rome, where he could enjoy the advantages of a thorough course of instruction under the best masters. In that centre of the fine arts his advancement was very rapid. Among other works executed during his sojourn in the Eternal City was a large picture representing the persecution of Christians under Nero. This painting attracted great attention, and Siemiradzki was soon recalled to St. Petersburg, and made professor in the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. This position he still retains.

The picture of which we give an engraving represents an apartment in an ancient Roman palace, where an amulet-seller is displaying his precious wares to the admiring gaze of two ladies of rank. In this case the article in question is indistinctly indicated by the engraver; but the word "amulet" has a comprehensive significance, which allows it to be applied to any object worn as a charm. Usually, however, it is a small stone or a piece of metal with certain cabalistic figures engraved upon it. The origin of the amulet, like its name, seems to be Oriental; and its special value is as a protection against sickness, witchcraft, and the malevolence of evil spirits. The ancient Egyptians had their amulets sometimes forming necklaces. Among the Greeks such a protective charm was styled *phylacterion*, the Latin word being *amuletum*. The latter term was probably derived from the Arabic word *hamalet*, which signifies "what is suspended." The phylacteries of the Jews, mentioned in the gospel of St. Matthew, were slips of parchment on which passages of the Law were written, and were evidently worn as badges of piety by the Pharisees. But they were also regarded as wholesome preservatives from evil spirits and all other harm.

A curious style of amulet, of which many ancient specimens have been preserved, is the abraxas stone, so called from having the word *abraxas* or *abrasax* engraved upon it. These were first common among the Gnostic sect of the Basilidians. According to Basilides, a native of Alexandria, the Supreme God constitutes with his seven perfections—*i. e.*, the Mind, the Word, the Understanding Power, Excellences, Princes, and Angels—the blessed "*ogdoad*" (combination of eight). The seven perfections, or powers in which the Supreme God is reflected, are themselves in their turn reflected, only more feebly, in seven other angelic powers which emanate from them, and so on through the whole circle of emanations, which amount to 365. On estimating the numerical value of the Greek letters contained in the word *abraxas*, we find them to amount to 365, and this is the probable explanation of the mystic term so frequently repeated in these ancient amulets. At a later period the doctrines and practices of the Basilidians were carried by the Priscillianists into Spain, whence large numbers of these stones are obtained. Gnostic symbols were afterward adopted by all sects given to magic and alchemy, and there is little doubt that the *abraxas* stones were manufactured in great quantities during the Middle Ages, and disposed of as talismans.

From the heathen religions amulets were early adopted into the Christian Church, the inscriptions upon them being changed to *ichthus*, the Greek word for fish, which contains all the initials of the terms equivalent in that language to Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. These charms soon became so common among Christians that in the fourth century the clergy were interdicted from making and selling them, on pain of deprivation of holy orders. Later, in 721, the wearing of amulets was solemnly condemned by the Church.

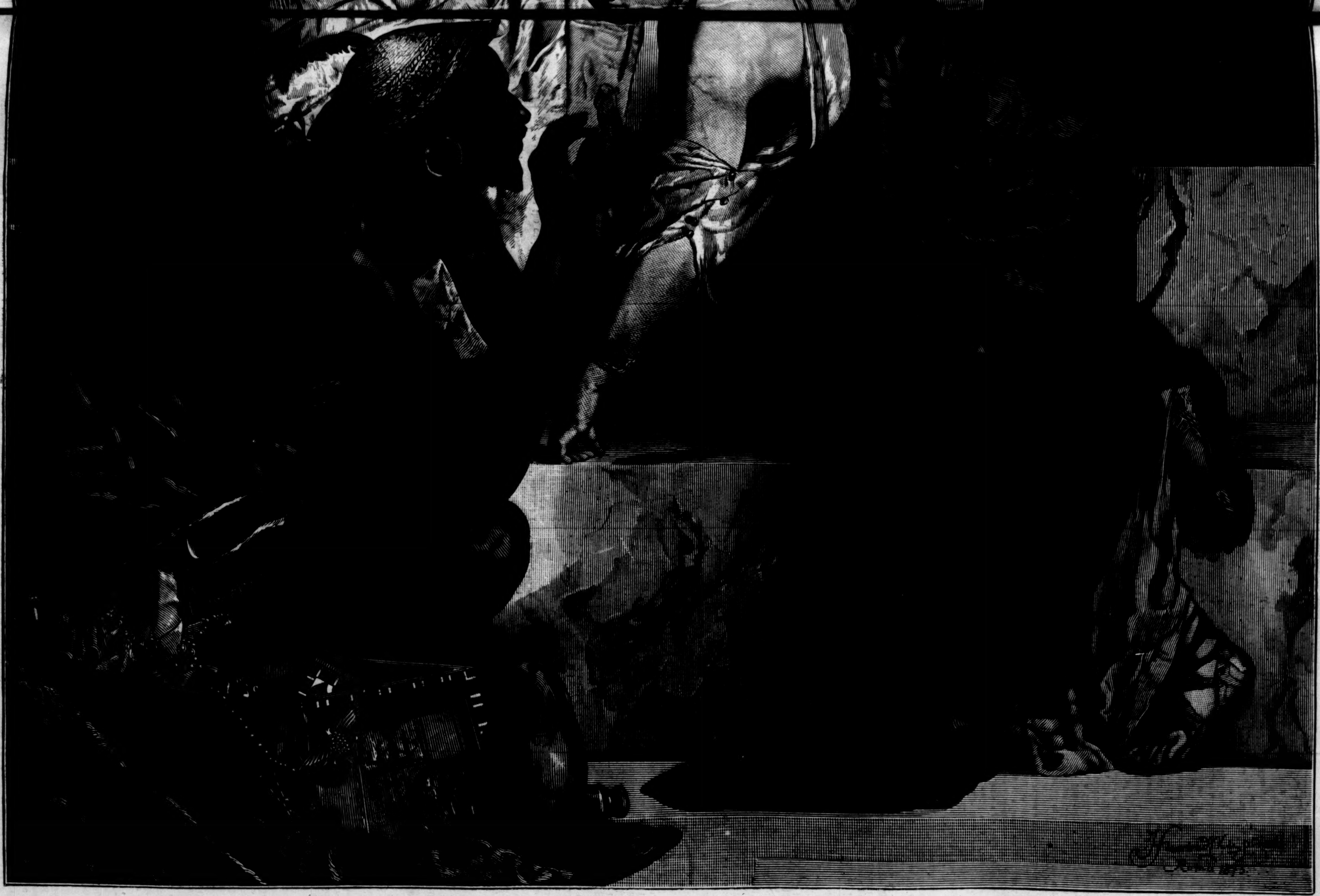
The belief in the protective influence of amulets was, however, much too strong to be suppressed by ecclesiastical ordinance. It was only through the progress of enlightenment that the more intelligent classes abandoned the practice, while among the uneducated it obtains largely to this day. Throughout the East every person considers it necessary to wear a preservative charm. Travellers in Italy and Spain are amazed to find both men and women provided with an amulet to ward off imaginary ills. One curious custom that prevails in the latter country is the wearing of a piece of coral shaped to represent two tiny horns. On the approach of a stranger these are turned toward him, in order to ward off any malign influence.

Throughout certain parts of Scotland the power of amulets is most devoutly believed in. The family of Graham, of Inchbrachie, county of Perth, are said to possess a small blue uncut stone, set in an antique ring, of which the following story is told: Some two centuries ago, as the head of the family was passing by a hill near or at Crieff, he discovered a large crowd, presided over by one of the Campbells of ——, preparing to execute a witch. On approaching the crowd, he found that the unhappy victim (who had for some years lived in a rocky cave, still known by her name) was none other than his old nurse, Katherine Nivens. Charged with witchcraft, she had been condemned, and was about to be executed. Graham, addressing the mob, urged them to prevent Campbell from carrying out his purpose. In acknowledgment of his generous help on her behalf, the poor creature threw him a small blue stone like a bead, which she had kept in her mouth, and desired him to keep it for her sake, adding that as long as it was preserved in his family, good fortune should ever attend them, while to the Campbells of —— (whom she solemnly cursed) she predicted that there never should be born an heir male, and cited them to appear before God's judgment bar, where justice should be done. The strange feature in the story is that (as a correspondent avers) *both promise and prediction have turned out to be true.* The stone is said to be an uncut sapphire. Other Scotch families possess similar amulets or charms; among these, the Macdonald-Lockharts, of Lee, in the county of Lanark.

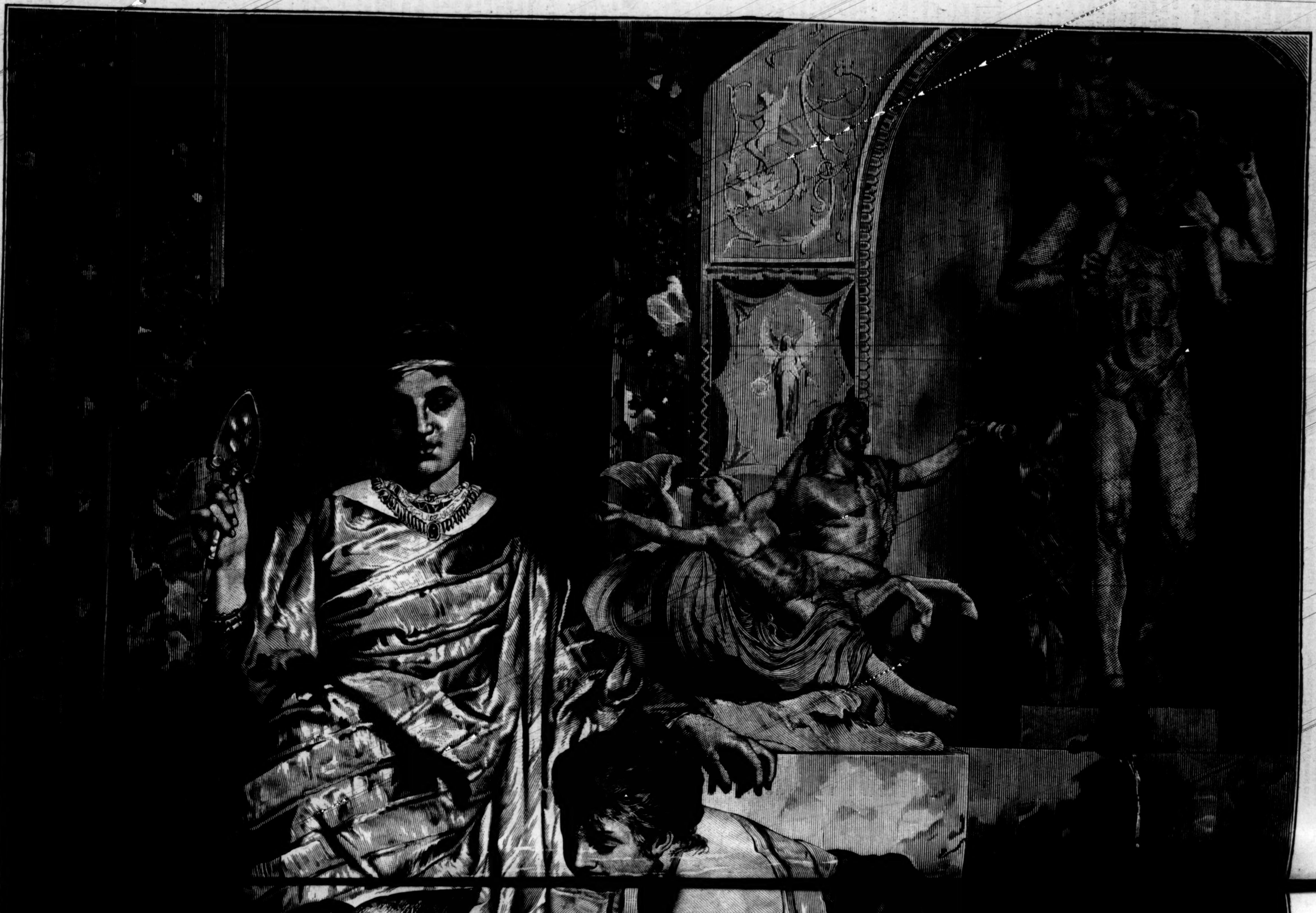
In England, also, we find traces of many curious superstitions in regard to amulets. Silver rings made from money presented at the offertory are still worn by epileptics in the Forest of Dean, and with some variation the charm is in use in Devonshire. Mr. Henderson, in his interesting volume on folk-lore, in speaking of Devonshire, says:

"A relation of mine in this county writes of the custom thus: 'Twenty years ago, soon after we settled in this place, we were surprised by a visit from a farmer, a respectable-looking man, from Ilsington, a village about six miles off. With a little hesitation, he introduced himself, and told us that his son had long been a sufferer from the falling-sickness, that medical care had utterly failed, and as a last resource he had been advised to collect seven sixpences from seven maidens in seven different parishes, and have them melted down into a ring for the lad to wear. "I can't tell you," he went on, "how many miles I have travelled on this business, for the villages hereabouts are far apart. So, hearing a family of ladies had settled here, I thought I would come up the hill to see if one among them had a heart kind enough to help my poor Bill." The appeal was irresistible; the sixpence was given, and the simple-hearted countryman went away full of gratitude, but not daring to utter it for fear of breaking the spell.'" Some such superstition has doubtless prevailed more or less at some period through the length and breadth of England. The following extract is from a curious old journal and account-book, kept by a Lincolnshire gentleman, in the year 1754:

	£ s. d.
A poor woman at Barton, who had fits, toward buying a silver ring, 1*d*.	00 00 01



"THE AMULET-SELLER."—From the Painting by Henry Siemiradzki.—[See Page 783.]



COUNSEL.

Oh, mirth that is madder than fears are,
And as much from delight set apart;
Loud laughs that are sadder than tears are,
Since tears have their roots in the heart;
Smooth-smiling, more awful than cares are,
Since cares may be charmed to depart,
Or to sleep, by the sure love whose years are
As bright at the close as at start!

Heart-stricken! Let loneliness wear thee,
But scorn thou the laughter that lies;
Like vultures let memories tear thee,
But turn not to tinkling replies;
Though the blackness of darkness insnare thee,
And force from thee terrible cries,
Yet the nobler and knightlier bear thee,
And shun thou the jester's disguise.

Be better and braver than slaves are,
Who gibber, not daring to weep:
Unholy and frightful those graves are
Where the dead are danced out of their sleep.
Dry bones in the low-hidden caves are
More comforted, lying aheap,
And the long-sunken hearts 'neath the waves are
But heirs to the hush of the deep.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BUT AM I NOT NOBLER THROUGH THY LOVE?

Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer and their ward went back to Little Yafford on the same day that saw Sir Kenrick's departure from Southampton, in the Peninsular and Oriental steamer. The parting between the betrothed lovers was more serious than sentimental. Beatrix was touched by Kenrick's devotion, and grateful for his confidence, and there was a grave tenderness in her manner at parting which made him very happy, for it seemed to him the promise of a warmer feeling in the future.

"You will think of me sometimes while I am away?" he said.

"Yes. You will be serving your country. I shall honor you for that."

"If there is no war I shall sell out ten months hence, and be with you before the year is out. But if war should break out—and there is always some trouble cooking in the witches' caldron of Indian politics—it may be longer before we meet. You will not forget me, Beatrix? Your feelings will not change—if our separation should be longer than we anticipate?"

"I have given you my promise," she said, with a noble simplicity that impressed him deeply. "If you were to be away ten years instead of one year there would be no difference. I should not break my word."

"And you would remember—and love me?" he urged.

"I have not promised to love you," she answered. "I have only promised to be your wife."

"Ah," he sighed, "that is different, is it not? Well, dearest, the love must be won somehow. Perhaps if there is some hard fighting, and I come home with one arm the less and a captaincy, you will think more of me. I shall think of you when I am storming a fort—if there should be any forts to storm."

Then he took her in his arms, kissed the pale brow and tremulous lips, and gave her his farewell blessing; and so left her, full of hope. There never was man born who doubted his power to win a woman's love.

The Vicar and his wife were both anxious that Beatrix should remain at the Vicarage, but Beatrix had made up her mind that she ought to go back to the Water House. The old servants were all there; nothing had been altered since her father's death.

"I shall be tranquil and happy there," she argued, when Mrs. Dulcimer tried to persuade her that she would be miserable. "I shall have my books, and piano, and shall work hard, and I shall be free to come and see you as often as you care to have me."

"That would be always," exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, who had been rapturously fond of Beatrix ever since the success of her matrimonial scheme. "But, my love, you can not possibly live alone. People would talk."

Beatrix shuddered. Young as she was, she had had bitter experience of the power of evil tongues.

"I suppose I must have what Thackeray calls a sheep-dog," she said. "As I have outgrown my governess, I must have a companion. Would not Bella do?"

"No, dear, she is not old enough. It would be just the same as having no one. It will be only for a year, remember, Beatrix. A year hence you will be married, and your own mistress."

"If there is no war, and if Kenrick comes home."

"We will hope there will be no war. I shall be so proud and happy when I see you established at Culverhouse Castle. It was my idea, you know, long ago, before you or Kenrick dreamed of such a thing. Clement would never have thought of it; but I saw from the very first that you and Kenrick were made for each other."

Mrs. Dulcimer could not refrain from these little gushes of self-gratulation. This engagement of Sir Kenrick's and the heiress was the first grand success that had come out of all her matchmaking. She had brought a good many couples together, occasionally for better, and often for worse; but she had never before made such a match as this. She felt as if the whole thing were her sole doing. She felt herself the savior of the Culverhouse family. When the mortgages came to be paid, it would be her work.

Beatrix answered not a word. She was always grave and silent when the absent Kenrick was talked about. Her heart could not respond to Mrs. Dulcimer's raptures. She liked Kenrick, and believed him noble and disinterested; but between such liking and glad, unreasoning love there is a wide gulf.

"Yes, my dear," pursued Mrs. Dulcimer, "if you are obstinately bent on living at the Water House, you must have a person of middle age for your companion."

"Then I should like a Frenchwoman who could not understand one word of English," said Beatrix.

She had her reason for this strange desire. She remembered how Miss Scales's heart—or that piece of mechanism which does duty for a heart in the Scales tribe—had been set against her by the slanderous gossip of Little Yafford. Her new companion must be some one who could not talk or be talked to. The knowledge of foreign tongues at Little Yafford was happily at a minimum. Beatrix knew of no one except Bella Scratchell who could have spoken half a dozen sentences in decent French.

"You would like to improve yourself in the language?" said Mrs. Dulcimer. She always called French "the language." "Well, dear, we must put an advertisement in the *Times*, but I'm afraid it will be difficult to get the superior kind of person we could intrust you to. Of course we must state that unexceptional reference will be required."

The advertisement appeared, and brought a shower of letters upon Mrs. Dulcimer, giving occasion to much consultation between her and Beatrix, but among them all there was only one letter that gave Beatrix an agreeable idea of the writer. This came from a lady who had only just come to England, a childless widow, whose husband, a journalist, had lately died, and left her in reduced circumstances, and who had come to London to try to make some use of her literary talents, only to find that literary talents were a drug in the market.

Beatrix liked the letter. The lady's references were satisfactory; so, after a little time lost in negotiation, Madame Leonard was engaged, and in due course appeared at the Water House.

Her appearance was not unpleasing to Beatrix. She was a little woman, with light brown hair and dark brown eyes, small hands and feet. She was neatly dressed in black, and had the manners of a lady. Since society insisted upon her having a companion, Beatrix felt that she could get on as well with Madame Leonard as with any body else, and Madame Leonard, who was evidently of a soft and affectionate nature, seemed delighted with Beatrix.

And now the Water House revived and brightened a little, and cast off the gloomy mantle that had hung over it through the last ten years of Christian Harefield's life. Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer were often there. Bella Scratchell came and went as she pleased. Mr. and Mrs. Scratchell were invited to dinner occasionally—a condescension on Miss Harefield's part which almost overcame the hard-worked lawyer's wife. It was a great privilege, no doubt, to visit at the Water House, but it involved fearful struggles beforehand in order to arrive at a toilet which should be worthy of the occasion. There was always something wanting, which it required all Bella's ingenuity to supply; and even when a happy result had been accomplished, poor Mrs. Scratchell was not quite easy in her mind. She was so unaccustomed to dine out that she fancied some dreadful catastrophe must needs occur in her absence. The kitchen boiler might burst, or one of the smaller children might tumble into the fire, or scald himself with the kettle. That kettle was on Mrs. Scratchell's mind all the evening, even when she was smiling her company smile and pretending to look at the engravings of Continental landscapes which Beatrix showed her after dinner. Even the Bay of Naples could not make her happy. Vesuvius reminded her too painfully of the kitchen boiler.

Beatrix found Madame Leonard a much more pleasant companion than Miss Scales. She was well read in her own language, and opened the wide world of classic and modern French literature to her pupil. They read together for hours, each taking her turn at reading aloud, and occupying herself in the interval with those delicate fancy works which women love.

Beatrix had let light and air into her mother's long-unused rooms, and had taken possession of them for her own occupation. Nothing was disturbed. The daughter respected every detail of the rooms in which her mother had lived. It was her delight to keep all things exactly as Mrs. Harefield had left them.

So life went on, smoothly enough. Beatrix had no friends but the Dulcimers and the Scratchells. She carefully avoided all the "best people" of Little Yafford, and received with a chilling reserve any advances that were made to her. To those whom she happened to meet at the Vicarage she was coldly civil, and that was all. If the Little Yaffordites were inclined to change their opinion about her, she gave no encouragement to any tardy gush of friendliness. She lived among them, but was not of them.

Miss Coyney retained her original views of Miss Harefield's character. Although strictly conservative by profession, as became a lady of ancient family, Miss Coyney had that kind of radicalism which consists in detesting every one better off than herself. She cherished a savage hatred of Beatrix, considering it an injustice in the distribution of wealth and power that a young woman of twenty should have ten thousand a year and a fine old mansion at her sole disposal, while she, Dulcinea Coyney, should be cabined, cribbed, and confined in a cottage hardly big enough for a dove-cote. True that the cottage was pretty, and that Miss Coyney was fond and proud of it; but she would have been fonder and prouder of the Water House. Then Miss Coyney's income, being of that strictly limited order which renders the outlay of every sixpence a matter demanding foresight and careful calculation, naturally gave rise to comparisons with the revenue of Miss Harefield, which was large enough for the wildest extravagance.

This sense of a wrong adjustment of fortune—together with the fact of Mrs. Dulcimer's desertion—rankled in Miss Coyney's breast, and whereas other people in Little Yafford had left off talking or thinking about Christian Harefield's daughter, Miss Coyney continued to think about her, and took every convenient occasion of talking.

She was not even inclined to let Miss Harefield's companion go free. She happened to meet Madame Leonard one afternoon at the house of Mrs. Scratchell, whom it was her custom to honor once or twice a year with a patronizing call. This was too good an opportunity to be lost. Miss Coyney rather prided herself on her acquaintance with the French language, in which she had been thoroughly "grounded" five-and-forty years ago at an expensive boarding-school. A good deal of the ground had given way during those forty-five years, but Miss Coyney did not know that. She was not at all afraid of addressing Madame Leonard, who had been carrying on a friendly conversation with Mrs. Scratchell, aided by a little interpretation by Bella.

Miss Coyney contrived to leave the Scratchell domicile in company with Madame Leonard.

"Je marcherai avec vous si vous n'avez pas d'objection," began Miss Coyney, politely.

Madame Leonard declared that she would be charmed, ravished. Her manner implied that Miss Coyney's society was the one delight that she had longed for ever since her arrival in Little Yafford.

"Comment est Mademoiselle Harefield?" asked Miss Coyney.

Madame Leonard looked mystified—a stupid person, evidently, Miss Coyney thought.

"Vous es la nouveau gouvernesse de mademoiselle, n'est ce pas?"

"Mais oui, madame, je suis sa dame de compagnie."

"Comment est elle? Est elle plus facile dans son esprit?"

Madame Leonard looked at a loss to comprehend this question.

"The woman doesn't understand her own language," thought Miss Coyney. "One of those Swiss-Frenchwomen one hears about, I dare say, who come from the top of Mont Blanc, and call themselves natives of Paris."

And then she proceeded to explain herself at more length:

"Mademoiselle Harefield a été terriblement choquée par le mort de sa pere. Il mourissait sous des circonstances peniblement suspicieux. Les gens de cette village ont dit des penible choses sur son mort. Je toujours desire a penser le mieux touchant mes voisins, mais je confesse que le mort de Monsieur Harefield était trés suspicieux. Mademoiselle Harefield est trés riche. Je ne souhaite pas de mal á elle, mais elle est une jeune persone que je ne pouvais pas me justifier en recevant dans mon maison. Mon maison est très petit, mais mes principes sont fortement fixés."

This French à la Stratford atte Bowe was quite incomprehensible to Madame Leonard, but she perceived dimly that Miss Coyney was not friendly. She bristled with indignation, and replied in a torrent of rapid words which might have been Chaldee for any comprehension Miss Coyney had of their meaning, but the little woman's gestures told that worthy lady how much she had offended.

"Ah! vous es une temps serveur comme vos meilleurs," she exclaimed, when the Frenchwoman paused for breath. "Mademoiselle Harefield a beaucoup de monnaie. C'est assez pour vous. Mais quand vous laissez elle je vous promis que ce sera difficile pour vous á trouver une situation."

And with this assertion that Madame Leonard was a time-server like her betters, and that she would find it difficult to get another situation when she left Miss Harefield, Miss Coyney put up a brown holland parasol, which seemed made expressly for virtuous poverty, and vanished in a cloud of dust, like an angry goddess.

"But this women is mad! I comprehend not one word what she says," exclaimed Madame Leonard, inwardly. "Who can have any thing to say against that dear angel? She is an envious, a malignant."

The warm-hearted little Frenchwomen had too much delicacy to speak of Miss Coyney's outburst of spite to Beatrix. She was puzzled by it, but in no wise influenced against her pupil, whom she had taken to her heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I ONLY LEARNED TO DOUBT AT LAST.

The summer came in all its glory, a splendid summer for the wide airy corn fields, where the lark sang high in a heaven of cloudless blue above the broad ripples of tawny gold; a splendid summer for Hyde Park and the green valley through which Father Thames winds his silvern ribbon; a delicious summer for the rich and prosperous in the land, for whom sunshine means pleasure; but a terrible summer for the overcrowded manufacturing town of Bridford, where a hot season meant fever and disease in its most malignant form. In the seething boil-pot of those Bridford alleys the fair July weather brought endless sorrow and trouble; and wherever the trouble was worst and the sorrow heaviest, Cyril Culverhouse was to be found. Night after night he was to be seen moving, quietly as a shadow, from house to house, to sit for an hour reading the gospel to some fever-parched sufferer whose dull eyes might never see another sunset. The days were not long enough for his work at this woeful time. He was obliged to give at least half his nights, and very often the whole of them, to his sad duties.

"If you don't take care, my dear fellow, you'll knock yourself up," remonstrated the port-winey Vicar, shocked at his curate's hollow eyes and pale cheeks. "It's no use sacrificing yourself in this way. We've the same thing every summer. The thermometer and the death rate go up together. Sanitary reform is what we want, Culverhouse. We can do very little good."

"We can only do our duty," answered Cyril. "I am not afraid of fever."

"Well, as a single man you can face it with less scruple. I should go a great deal more among these poor creatures, but Mrs. Rollings is dreadfully nervous. She is so frightened about infection. With our large family we are bound to be careful. Even the funerals make her anxious. She won't let me go near the children after I've buried a fever case. It's a deplorable state of things."

Cyril faced these deplorable things without fear or wavering. What had he to fear? It was such work as his soul loved. To be where he was most wanted, where the sky was darkest and his little lamp could be of most avail—that was his idea of a parish priest's mission.

No heathens worshiping their wooden fetich in flowery islands of the fair south seas could be further away from the light than these lost sheep of Israel, and it was to such as these he felt himself especially sent.

And then for his life. Like Hamlet, he valued that at "a pin's fee." He would have asked no better gift from the gods than to die doing his duty—a soldier of the Church Militant, struck down in hand to hand combat with the enemy. All things which make an earthly lot sweet and valuable to man were lost to this man. He loved, and had renounced the woman he loved. He loved her still—more dearly than ever in separation—and he knew that she was to be the wife of another. Of fortune or advancement in life he had no hope. The Church is a profession few men would choose desiring either fortune or advancement. He had nothing to live for but his duty, and it would be sweeter to him to die for that than to go on living for it.

Every thought of Beatrix Harefield was pain; most painful of all was the thought that she would think him mean and cowardly for his defection. If she was innocent, she must scorn him for his doubt of her. If she was guilty, she must deem him a coward for refusing her remorse the shelter of his love. He remembered those lines of Moore's:

> "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
> Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here."

He had been like the herd, and had fled from his beloved in the day of her shadowed fame. He thought of his defection with deepest regret, yet it seemed to him that to have done otherwise would have been to palter with the truth.

This burden of sad thought made him more desirous than another man would have been to lose his sense of individual pain in the sorrows of others. Parish priests had gone among the poor of Bridford before Cyril's time, but none with such a ready ear for their complaints.

There was a small household which had a peculiar interest for Cyril. A widow and her son occupied a wretched back-room in one of the wretched houses in a blind alley—a festering lane shut from the air and light by the overshadowing bulk of a huge factory, whereof the chimney, although under legal covenant to consume its own smoke, rained showers of blacks upon the surrounding neighborhood, like the spray from a perennial soot fountain.

Nothing could be more squalid than the house in which Mrs. Joyce and Emmanuel Joyce, her son, lived. Their neighbors were no cleaner or tidier than the rest of the community. There was the usual all-pervading odor of fried herrings and decaying cabbage leaves. The back yard, nine feet by six, was a horror to stop the nose at. The eye was offended by hideous sights, the ear was outraged by foulest language, and yet in this leper-house there was one spot which the infected air of the place had not tainted.

Mrs. Joyce and her son had contrived to impart neatness and order, and even a certain respectability, to the one small back-room on the ground-floor which constituted their house and home. Very small were the means by which they had achieved this result, but the result was palpable to every eye.

"It's well to be them," said the mother of many children, peering with longing eyes into the neatly kept parlor. "If I had no children, I might make my place tidy; but where there's childer there's muck."

Emmanuel Joyce was a cobbler by trade. Now of all trades, perhaps cobbling is about one of the most unpleasant with which to be brought into immediate contact; but Emmanuel, who paid his weekly rent punctually, and was in that respect a striking exception, had obtained leave to erect a small shed in the angle of the yard next his window. This shed was looked at with envious eyes by some of his fellow-lodgers, and talked of invidiously as an encroachment; but here Emmanuel squatted at his work in all weathers, and here he kept his tools, and those crippled boots and shoes upon which he exercised his healing art.

In the parlor he had contrived to build a couple of inclosed beds on the Scotch principle, which, though wanting in airiness, is certainly tidy and decent. At night a curtain divided the one small room into two, and by day this curtain, drawn back and neatly looped up, made one of the decorations of the neat parlor. A tall stand of flower-pots, Emmanuel's dearest care, screened the loathsomeness of the yard, and made the one window a bank of foliage and gay color. The shabby odds and ends of furniture shone with the bees-wax and labor which Mrs. Joyce bestowed upon them in the intervals of her plain sewing. There were cheap prints on the wall above the mantel-piece, and on each side of the fire-place there were three deal shelves containing Emmanuel's much-prized collection of books, all picked up at odd times from the rubbish box of a second-hand bookseller, and rebound and furbished by Emmanuel's own dextrous hands.

"My son is a great reader," Mrs. Joyce said, proudly, during Cyril's first visit. "He keeps the money other young men spend on beer to buy books with."

Cyril went over to the shelves and looked at the books. Their character told him more about Emmanuel Joyce's way of thinking than the mother would have cared to tell. There was an old volume of Shelley, another of Keats, a Milton, and a Shakspeare. So much for the poets. Then came Rousseau's *Confessions*, in English, Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, and a dozen other books, all more or less infidel in their tendency.

"Your son goes to church, I hope?" said Cyril, after he had examined the books.

The widow hung her head, and began to fidget with the corner of her print apron.

"I'm sorry to say he's no church-goer, Sir. It's his only fault. He was brought up very strict, a little too strict, perhaps. We were chapel people in my husband's lifetime, and I think he was a bit too hard on the boy. It turned his stomach against religion. And now he's got hold of all sorts of queer ideas—and he puts 'em into poetry. It's beautiful poetry to listen to—full of book learning. My son reads it to me of an evening; but it soars too high for me sometimes: I can't quite follow the ideas."

"I should like to have a little talk with your son," said Cyril.

"Ah, Sir, if you could but bring him to think better of his Maker, and his Maker's way of managing this world, it would be a blessed thing," exclaimed the widow. "That's all my son needs to make him as perfect as any human creature ever was upon this earth. He's the best of sons, he's the honestest, soberest, industriousest of young men. But it makes me shudder sometimes to hear him talk, that bold, as if he'd been up among the stars and knew the way they're worked. I believe it all comes of too much learning."

"Or too little," suggested Cyril.

"Oh, Sir, you wouldn't say that if you was to see the books he devours. He belongs to the Mechanics' Institute, and there isn't a learned book they've got that he hasn't gone right through. He don't care for stories and such like. He calls them fiddle-faddle. But he'll sit up half the night over a learned book, and then he puts his ideas into poetry."

Cyril was warmly interested. To begin with, a cobbler who read Keats and Shelley stood out prominently from the ruck of cobblers. It has been said that cobblers, as men whose habits are sedentary and meditative, have a natural leaning to infidel opinions; but Cyril did not believe this. He did not believe that meditation must needs engender doubt. He who wrote the divinest work ever penned by an uninspired writer, the *Imitation of Christ*, must have been of all men the most meditative. And did not Bunyan's twelve years of imprisonment in Bedford jail bear fruit in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a book that has done more to popularize Christianity than all the writings of all the bishops who ever wore lawn? Cyril could not see any reason why cobbling and Christian belief should be incompatible.

"I will call and see your son," he said, Emmanuel happening to be out of the way on his first visit.

He called the following evening, a dismal, rainy evening when he thought the cobbler, as a man not given to spend his time in tap-rooms, likely to be at home. Nor was he disappointed. Emmanuel Joyce was sitting at a little table, drawn close to the bank of flowers in the window, poring over a page of Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets," his elbow on the table, his thin hand entangled in his long hair, and with far from a comfortable expression of countenance.

That Thomas Carlyle is a grand and noble writer, no one who has ever read his *French Revolution*, his *Life of Edward Stirling*, and his *Hero Worship* could have the insolence to deny; but he is a writer demanding a considerable expenditure of brain power on the part of his readers; and for a worker who has been sitting in a cramped position all day mending shoes to find himself lost among the Immensities, or vainly endeavoring to grapple with Phantasmal Captains, Ineptitudes, and other strange creatures, is hardly the most refreshing form of mental solace after physical labor.

Mrs. Joyce was sewing on the other side of the little table, wasting her eyesight in order to economize her candle. Mother and son rose at Cyril's entrance, and the widow brought forward the best chair—a battered old easy-chair which her son had neatly covered with bright-looking chintz—for the visitor.

Emmanuel was tall, thin, and pale, with hollow cheeks, and a projecting forehead, under which shone darkly bright eyes, large and bulbous. His lips were thin, his chin indicated a firmness of character verging upon obstinacy. It was an interesting face, but not altogether a pleasant one, save when the young man spoke to his mother, and then his countenance was lighted by a smile which made it beautiful.

"Mother told me you'd been to see her, Sir," he said. "She took it very kindly that you should spare time to sit down and chat a bit with her. Especially as you didn't leave a tract behind you."

"You don't like tracts," said Cyril, smiling at the energy with which the last sentence was spoken.

"I detest them."

"Yet I think the book you are reading is something in the form of a tract," speculated Cyril, whose quick eye had caught the title of Carlyle's book.

"It is not a religious tract, Sir. It appeals to man's highest faculties; it kindles all that is best and greatest in his soul; but it does not pelt him with Scripture texts, or tell him that he is by nature a reprobate and castaway, judged and foredoomed before he was born."

"Do you think the Bible tells a man that?"

"Yes, Sir, it does. The Bible texts that were flung at my head in my childhood and boyhood were all to one purpose. They told me that I was a vessel of wrath, and that I was doomed to the burning. When I was eighteen years of age I began to think for myself."

"You began to work out your own salvation with fear and trembling?"

"No, Sir. I had read Shelley's 'Queen Mab' by that time, and I had my own ideas of the justice of my Creator. If He were just, He would not create me for misery either here or hereafter. And then I looked round me and saw a world that reeked with human misery and divine injustice."

"Stop!" cried Cyril. "Were this world the end of our life, the differences in the fortunes of mankind might imply injustice in the Ruler of this world; but the balance is to be struck elsewhere; the day of reckoning is to come, when each man shall reap the reward of his works, whether they be good or evil."

"Am I to take your word for all that?" asked Emmanuel, his projecting eyes shining with a fierce light. "You are like the rest of them. One after another they have to come to me. Church of England, Wesleyans, Baptists, Ranters—all with the same dogmatic assertions. My own senses tell me that this world teems with suffering and wrong. Am I to take the other story on hearsay?"

"Have you not seen something more than suffering and wrong?" argued Cyril. "Have you not seen that even in this brief mortal life—which true believers regard as but a troubled passage to eternal peace—have you not seen that even here men reap as they have sown? To the sober man health and tranquillity, to the drunkard disease and early death. To the honest man the world's respect, to the reprobate the deadly burden of shame. This little room we sit in bears the evidence of your sober, industrious life. Where is the injustice here? Now and then we see a good man struggling with calamity—tried as Job was tried, chastened as David was chastened—but his struggles are an education for heaven; and could we but see rightly, we might regard him as a chosen servant of God."

"And what of your hospitals for incurables, filled with beings created only to suffer?"

"You have never visited one of those hospitals, or you would know that among those sufferers there are many whom Heaven has gifted with a patience that makes life almost happy, and a faith that fills even their hours of pain with hope."

"Dreamers and enthusiasts all," said Emmanuel.

"Among them are some who have talents that make life interesting, or even genius that lifts them up above the common earth and creates for them a world of their own. We can not measure our fellow-men's misery or happiness any more than we can measure the goodness and justice of God. Some of the most unhappy of men are those to whom fortune has given all good things."

"What do you deduce from this?"

"That if we could know the hearts and minds of all men as God knows them we should not accuse our Maker of injustice. He has given us the highest of all gifts—understanding and free-will. It is for us to work out our redemption with these."

"You believe in free-will?" asked Emmanuel.

"As I believe in God's justice."

"My father was a Calvinist. He believed himself one of the elect, and his fellow-men, mostly, outside the pale."

"You were brought up in that gloomy faith—the faith of that hard, good man who had love and mercy neither for himself nor his fellow-men, who put an honest woman in jail for dancing at her kinsman's wedding, and condemned his old friend to the stake for differing in opinion with him. Well, I can hardly wonder that your mind has taken a distorted view of Christianity, for though a Calvinist may be a very good man, I doubt his being a pleasant man, or being able to make his faith sweet and pleasant to others. But if you will accept Christ's Christianity for your guide, if you will look to Christ's heaven as your goal, you will find no thorns in your path."

And then, warming with his subject, Cyril spoke strongly and earnestly of Gospel truth as he believed it—the pure and unsophisticated teaching of Christ. Emmanuel Joyce listened and liked to hear, but his opinions were not to be shaken in an evening. He had too long cherished and cosseted the demon of infidelity to be able to thrust the foul fiend out of doors at a moment's warning.

"Come whenever you can spare an hour," he said, when Cyril was going away. "I like to hear you talk."

"I will come as often as I can. But on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you come to church."

"I'll come to hear you preach. I'm never above hearing a good preacher."

"Come, that you may learn to pray," answered Cyril. "Life is a barren waste without that link between earth and heaven—the Jacob's Ladder of prayer, upon which angels are continually ascending and descending."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An outer satellite of Mars was observed by Professor Asaph Hall, U.S.N., at the United States Naval Observatory, on the night of the 11th of August, 1877. Cloudy weather prevented the certain recognition of its true character at that time. On August 16 it was again observed, and its motion was established by observation extending through an interval of two hours, during which the planet moved over thirty seconds of arc.

The inner satellite was first observed on the night of August 17, and was also discovered by Professor Hall. Both were discovered with the 26-inch telescope made by Alvan Clark & Sons.

On Saturday, August 18, the discoveries were telegraphed to Alvan Clark & Sons, Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, in order that, if the weather should be cloudy at Washington, they might confirm the existence of the satellites with the 26-inch telescope of Mr. M'Cormick, which is in their hands.

This discovery was confirmed by Professor Pickering and his assistants, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, with their 15-inch telescope, and by the Messrs. Clark, at Cambridgeport, with a 12-inch glass.

On August 19 the discovery was communicated to the Smithsonian Institution, by which it was announced to the American and European observatories.

From the observations up to August 20 Professor Newcomb has derived the following approximate circular elements of the orbits. The probable errors assigned are only very rough estimates.

THE OUTER SATELLITE.

Major semi-axis of apparent orbit seen at distance [9.593°]	82.5″ ± 0.5″
Minor semi-axis of apparent orbit seen at distance [9.593°]	27.7″ ± 2″
Major semi-axis of orbit seen at distance unity	32.3″
Position angles of apsides of apparent orbit	70°, 250° ± 2°
Passage through the west apsis (p=250°), August 19, 16.6^h, W. m. t.	
Period of revolution	$30^h\ 14^m \pm 2^m$
Hourly motion in Areocentric longitude	11.907°
Inclination of true orbit to the ecliptic	25.4° ± 2°
Longitude of ascending node	82.8° ± 3°
Position of pole of orbit in celestial sphere.... Long.	352.8°
Lat.	+64.6°
R. A.	316.1°
Decl.	+53.8°

These elements give for the mass of Mars... $\frac{1}{3,090,000}$

THE INNER SATELLITE.

Major semi-axis of apparent orbit at distance [9.593°]	33.0″ ± 1″
Period of revolution	$7^h\ 38.5^m \pm 0.5^m$
Hourly motion in Areocentric longitude	47.11°
Passage through the eastern apsis (p=70°) August 20, 13.0^h, W. m. t.	

The inner satellite is intrinsically the brighter, and the outer one has been seen with the 9.6-inch Munich equatorial at Washington. The most remarkable point of this important discovery is the short period of the inner satellite, which is only one-third as long as that of Mimas, the inner satellite of Saturn, hitherto the object having the shortest period in the solar system. Apart from the physical interest of this brilliant discovery, these satellites will furnish an accurate determination of the mass of Mars.

Mr. Robert Were Fox, an author of several valuable papers in connection with geology and mining, died at Falmouth, England, in the eightieth year of his age.

American chemists will be interested to know that the Council General of Guadeloupe have offered a premium of $20,000 for the best new process of extracting juice from sugar-cane, the cost not to exceed forty per cent. of the market value of the product. Applications may be made up to the 1st of July, 1880.

It is stated that very rich gold fields have lately been found in the Chinese districts of Tsitshar and Kirin, adjacent to the Russian boundary, occurring in a valley of thirty miles in length, the metal occurring in large percentage in quartz veins. The privilege of mining in this region was given by the Chinese government to a person named Han as a reward for ridding the district of a notorious band of robbers. The yield is about $2 30 to the ton.

Of the many natural history societies in the United States, but one, so far as we know, is composed almost entirely of Germans, the Proceedings of which are published in the German language. This is the Naturhistorisches Verein of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of which the annual report for 1876–77 has just been published. This society is organized in five sections—zoology, botany, mineralogy, geology, and ethnology—and holds regular meetings, and has quite a large active membership.

The death of Professor Frederick Wahlgren, of the University of Lund, took place in July last, in his 58th year.

The Kansas University scientific expedition of 1877 has found a number of a very rare species of beetle of the genus *Amblychila*, the acquisition of which has long been an object by collectors of coleoptera. For the purpose of securing funds to defray the expenses of their explorations, the authorities of the university offer specimens for sale at a moderate price.

It appears from a detailed report, published by Lieutenant Wyse, of his reconnoisance for an inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien, that the accounts hitherto given of the success of this object have been entirely erroneous, and that no navigable channel between the Tuyra and the Atrato is possible without locks or tunneling. Although the maximum height of the water-shed is but 480 feet, this is too great to be cut out, and tunneling would be out of the question. The engineer of the expedition proposes a plan for a lock canal, and thinks this will be preferable in many respects to those suggested for the Nicaragua or Tehuantepec routes. Another line is mentioned, however, as possibly promising a better result, namely, that from the Rio Chucumaque, a northern tributary of the Tuyra, northeastward to the Gaudi Bight, which lies westward of the outlet of the Gulf of Uroba or Darien.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A clergyman who did not believe in going outside of his own denomination to distribute his charities was solicited by a beggar for alms. "My brother," said he, "are you High-Church?" "Never was high in my life," returned the beggar, reproachfully; "never drinks nuthin at all, Sir."

Before they are married she will carefully turn down his coat collar when it gets awry; but after that event she'll jerk it down into position as if she was throwing a door-mat out of the window.

A saloon-keeper named his resort "Nowhere," so that when his married customers went home late, and their wives wanted to know where they had been, they could safely tell them the truth.

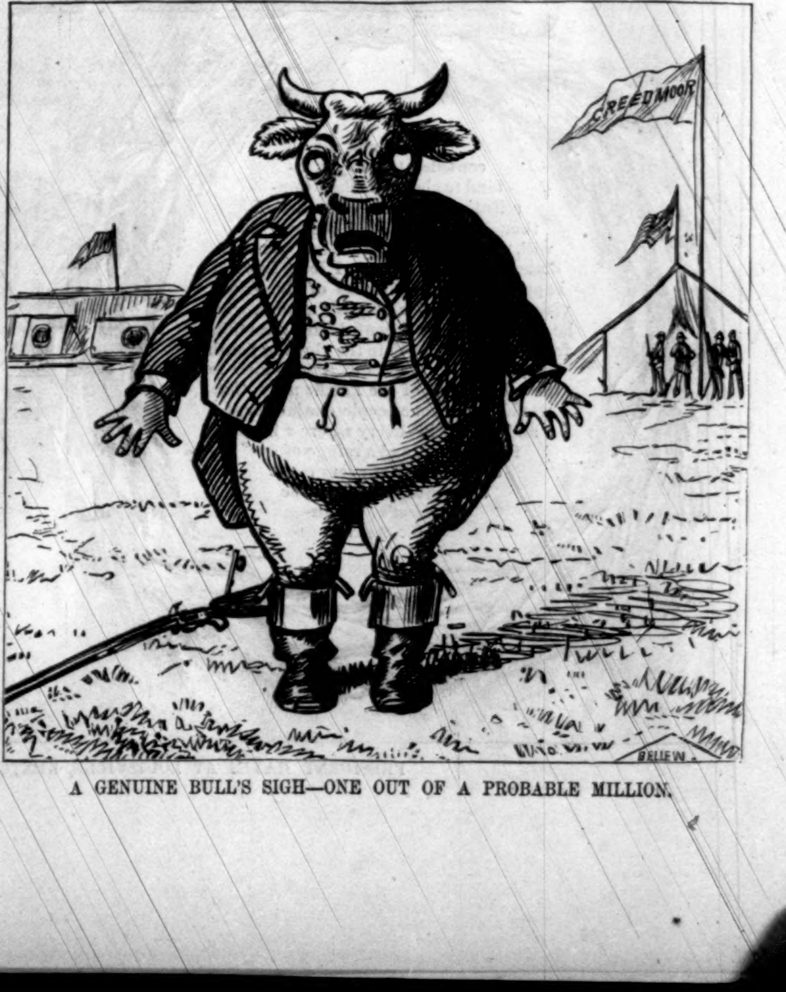
A clergyman in Boston recently aroused his sleepy audience by announcing in a most positive manner that notwithstanding the hard times, the wages of sin have not been cut down one iota.

Among the announcements of fire-works at a political celebration the other evening, we read that three serpents were to be exhibited following each other in a contrary direction.

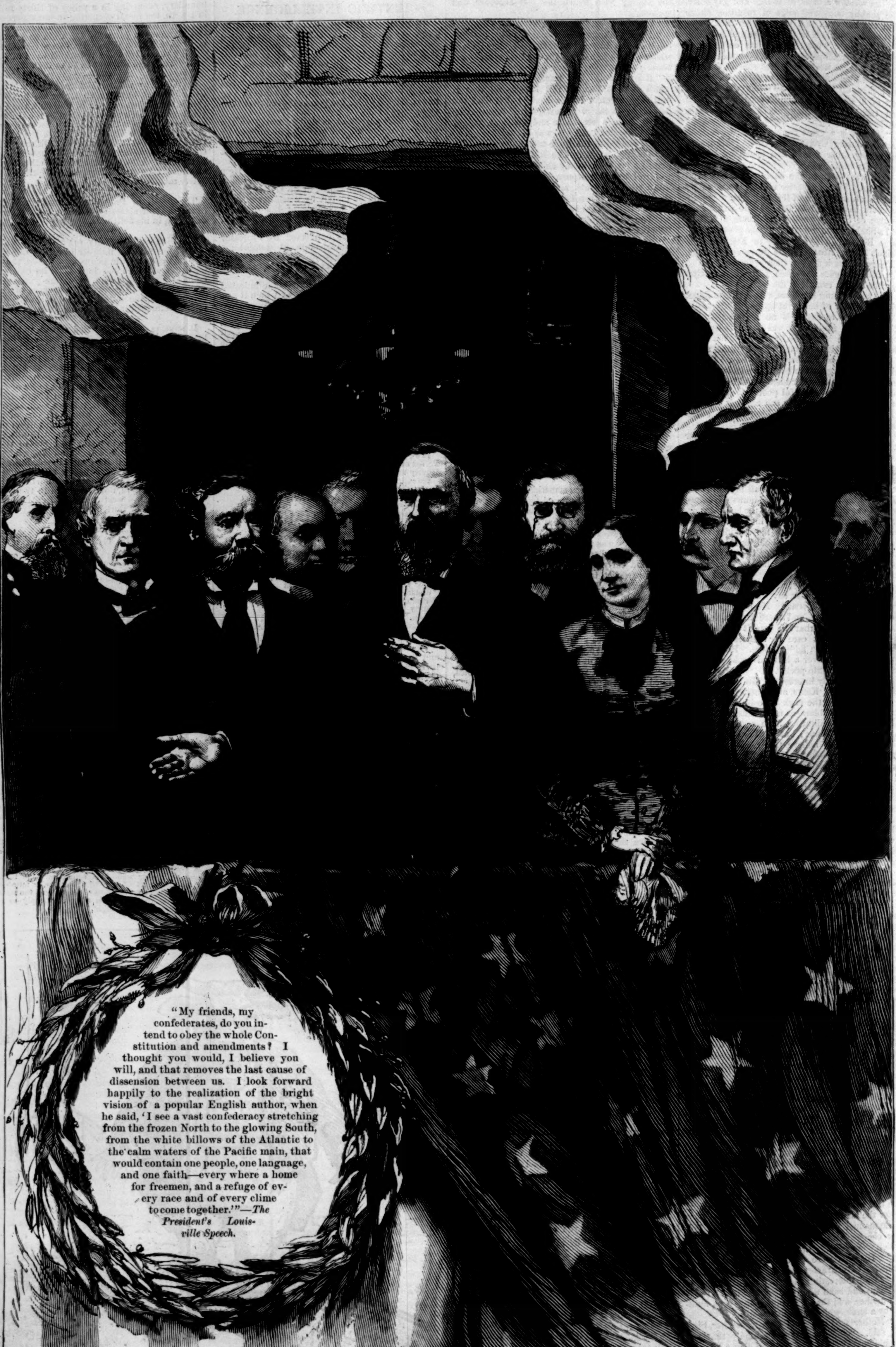
"Do you think that souls separated here are united hereafter?" asked a pale, emaciated pietist of his friend. "I hope not," was the chilling reply. "It cost me a pretty good figure to get a divorce, and when I invested that money I invested it for time and eternity too."

"If it wasn't for hope, the heart would break," as the old lady said when she buried her seventh husband.

A traveller, going to bed, was surprised to see a ghost, which—or who—in a sepulchral tone began, "I am the spirit of one who was foully murdered here." "That's no business of mine," said the traveller, turning round on his pillow. "Apply to the proper quarter. Good-night."

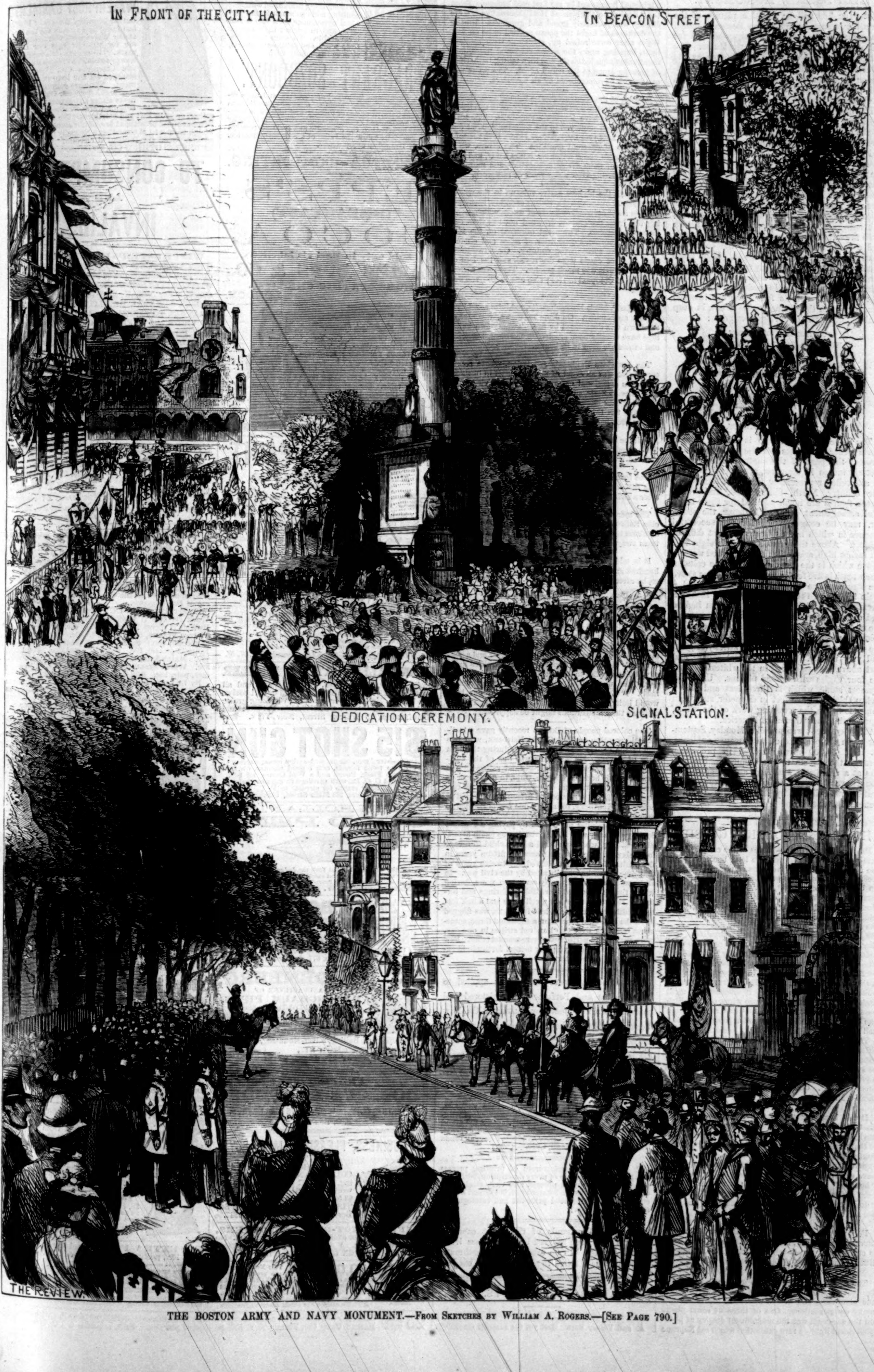


A GENUINE BULL'S SIGH—ONE OUT OF A PROBABLE MILLION.



"My friends, my confederates, do you intend to obey the whole Constitution and amendments? I thought you would, I believe you will, and that removes the last cause of dissension between us. I look forward happily to the realization of the bright vision of a popular English author, when he said, 'I see a vast confederacy stretching from the frozen North to the glowing South, from the white billows of the Atlantic to the calm waters of the Pacific main, that would contain one people, one language, and one faith—every where a home for freemen, and a refuge of every race and of every clime to come together.'"—*The President's Louisville Speech.*

PRESIDENT HAYES AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 782.]


In Front of the City Hall
In Beacon Street
Dedication Ceremony.
Signal Station.
The Review.

THE BOSTON ARMY AND NAVY MONUMENT.—From Sketches by William A. Rogers.—[See Page 790.]

THE BOSTON MONUMENT.

On page 789 will be found a picture of the beautiful monument erected on Boston Common in memory of the men of that city who died for their country during the war for the Union. The memorial is situated on what is known as the "Old Flag-staff Hill," which is the highest elevation on the Common. The situation is unequalled, and affords the best view which could possibly be obtained.

The base of the monument is octagonal, thirty-eight feet square, and the structure rises to the height of sixty-nine feet and nine inches. The three steps at the base have a trend of two feet, and fifteen inches rise, and from these starts the base of the monument, four feet two inches, with the projecting pedestals, four feet square. On the latter rest the statues representing Army, Navy, History, and Peace. This section of the monument is four feet ten inches high, and on its sides are four panels, upon which are represented in bronze bass-reliefs the departure for and return from the war, a finely wrought naval engagement, and a scene from the works of that charity of charities, the Sanitary Commission. Upon these panels are entwined delicately cut wreaths, which form a most harmonious adjunct to the whole effect. The die, or main pedestal, is fourteen feet in height. On its four sides are inserted panels. Upon the southerly side is cut, in deep sunken letters, the following inscription:

TO THE MEN OF BOSTON
WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY
ON LAND AND SEA IN THE WAR
WHICH KEPT THE UNION WHOLE
AND MAINTAINED THE CONSTITUTION
THE GRATEFUL CITY
HAS BUILT THIS MONUMENT
THAT THEIR EXAMPLE
MAY SPEAK
TO COMING GENERATIONS.

The base of the column is of the Roman Doric order. It rests on the main pedestal. Around the base of the shaft, which is seven feet six inches in diameter, are four figures cut in alto-relief, representing the great sections of our country, North, South, East, and West. These figures are much admired for their beautiful arrangement, and Mr. Milmore, the sculptor, may be congratulated for the successful manner in which he has treated a most difficult subject. Above this section, which is eight feet six inches high, arises the first sculptured wreath, above which is the fluted portion of the column. The wreath is five feet in diameter, and rises above the figures some seven feet. Another band, a plain section of the shaft six feet five inches, a wreath band, a plain section six feet ten inches, and a finely executed band, upon which are cut the emblematic stars, follow. The capital of the column is one of the most striking features of the whole design, and the idea is strictly original and very unique. It is seven feet square, and just above are sculptured in the whitest of marble four eagles with spread pinions. Upon the topmost stone, which is three feet and eleven inches thick and five feet in diameter, stands an immense figure, the crowning work of the whole, representing the "Genius of America."

The monument was unveiled Monday, September 17, in the presence of an immense audience. At least 30,000 men marched in procession through the streets to the Common. Business was at a stand-still, and flags and other decorations gave the city a holiday appearance. The oration was delivered by United States Attorney-General Devens.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Reports from various sections of the country indicate that the telephone will ere long become one of the most valuable improvements of the age. At the recent international contest at Creedmoor one was put up by way of experiment, and, though not carefully arranged, it proved so successful that the intention is announced of adopting it in the future as a necessary addition to the conveniences of the range. In one of the New England cities an apothecary has wires running from his shop to the offices of physicians, and thus, in cases of doubt or emergency in regard to their prescriptions, a conversation can readily be carried on. The well-known silk manufacturers, Cheney Brothers, of Hartford, are preparing to run wires to their factories in South Manchester. The instrument used is a little rose-wood tube an inch in diameter and eight inches long. It is attached to two wires, one of which passes over the houses, and the other runs through the ground. A small battery and a gong at each end call attention.

The inventor, Professor Bell, contributes only the little rose-wood tube. It is the only part of the apparatus that is in any way peculiar, or that is the subject of a patent, and is rented at the rate of twenty dollars a year. It may have cost a dollar. The inventor refuses to sell it. Conversation is carried on through it in an ordinary tone.

It has been asserted that the construction of the East River Bridge would present a serious obstacle to navigation, as lofty vessels would be compelled to lower their masts in passing under it—an operation, it was contended, which would consume much time. Recent experiments by two of the United States war vessels have shown that the inconvenience to large ships in "housing" their upper spars is not so great as has been claimed. In one instance the order given to "down top-gallant-masts" was executed in one minute and a half.

Following the fashion of a certain class of the light literature of the day, Brigham Young's widows—so it is currently reported—will soon bring out a book entitled, *That Husband of Ours.*

The "cold snap" which came with early September brought some temporary discomfort to lingerers among the mountains and at the sea-shore. But they had many compensations. One of these at some places on the sea-coast was the magnificent display of phosphorescent light—a rare exhibition which old Neptune got up for the amusement of those who were not frightened homeward by the first cold breezes. From the "Rocks" on Marblehead Neck, Massachusetts, the display was peculiarly grand and gorgeous. During the darkness of night the ocean seemed to be on fire. Wave after wave rolled up, sparkling with brilliant light, bursting upon the rocks, throwing the illuminated spray high in the air, and then falling in myriads of glowing drops to the ocean again. The scene was one ever to be remembered by all beholders.

Reports of the sponge-fisheries belonging to Greece show that there are now 150 boats engaged in this trade, forty of which have English diving-bells. The total number of men employed in the fisheries is about one thousand. Last year they gathered more than 240 tons of sponges of different qualities. The divers, when fishing, remain under water six hours a day, and it is said many of them die of suffocation, and more yet lose their hearing after a few years of this work.

Cotopaxi, the highest active volcano in the world, has recently experienced a violent eruption, accompanied by most destructive floods of water, which, pouring out from the craters, drowned not less than one thousand persons. The event occurred on the 26th of July. Enormous quantities of ashes and cinders fell upon the surrounding country. Over two thousand head of cattle were destroyed, and the loss of smaller animals was much greater. There was a great eruption of Cotopaxi in 1768; also one in 1855, and one in 1856.

Old Marblehead, Massachusetts, exhibits considerable life and energy. On June 25 the whole centre of the town was devastated by fire. Twenty-two buildings have already been erected on the burned district, and others are soon to be begun.

The American Bankers' Association, whose recent convention was an event of much interest in business circles, is a national organization, with a vice-president in every State, and a constituent membership representing 6152 banks. The recent convention in this city was the third annual gathering, previous ones having been held at Philadelphia and at Saratoga.

Quinine is now so high in price in Europe that doctors are using instead the liquid solution of strychnine, and find it nearly as efficacious, and much cheaper.

The feat of swimming across the English Channel was recently successfully accomplished by Mr. Cavill, after a swim of twelve hours.

The many miles of snow-sheds on the Central Pacific Railroad are to be provided with watchmen and an alarm telegraph. There is danger of a fire sweeping them away.

It is said that the Pope receives an average of one hundred and fifty letters a day. Few of them, however, he cares to answer.

The disgraceful practice of *hazing* which has been so prevalent among young men in our colleges has received, we hope, a fatal blow in the prompt, decided order lately issued by General Schofield in respect to that practice at West Point. In the strongest terms he characterizes it as "an act unworthy a civilized man, and much more unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." He has also imposed severe penalties upon any cadets who fail to protect those under their charge, as well as upon those who indulge in the practice itself. If the college officers throughout our land would imitate this good example, the outrages which disgrace their institutions might be suppressed.

The colored people of Boston recently gave a testimonial reception to Rev. Calvin Fairbank, who was one of the benefactors of their race during the dark days of slavery. Mr. Fairbank was one of the engineers of the so-called "under-ground railway," and went from his home in Oberlin, Ohio, to help those in bondage to gain freedom. He was taken from his carriage in 1844, and sentenced to fifteen years in jail in Louisville, Kentucky, for aiding one Lewis Hayden to secure his freedom. After four years Mr. Hayden succeeded in obtaining his release by paying a ransom. Some years afterward Mr. Fairbank was again arrested for aiding two women and a little child to escape from slavery. He was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary, and had served out twelve years of that time, when he was liberated by the civil war. In all he was imprisoned nearly seventeen years, during which time he endured incredible sufferings and tortures. He was confined in a cell three and a half feet in breadth by seven and a half in length, was flogged upon the bare skin more than a thousand times, sometimes receiving over two hundred stripes in one day, wore chains, and performed severe manual labor. Few could have had the physical or mental fortitude to endure years of such torture.

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1st.—PHYSICAL UNITED STATES.

(PAGES 24–27.)

I. **PHYSICAL MAP.**—The Low Plains, Plateaus, Highlands, Mountains, &c., indicated by different colors. The Agricultural and Mineral Productions located—as Rice, Sugar, Cotton, Wheat, Corn, Salt, Lead, Coal, Copper, Gold, Silver, &c.

II. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION.
- 1. POSITION.
- 2. BOUNDARY.
- 3. AREA.
- 4. SURFACE.
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    - Great Plains.
    - Rocky Mountains.
    - Plateau Belt.
  - EASTERN HALF. (Low.)
    - Eastern Highland.
    - Great Central Plain.
    - Atlantic Plain.
- 5. DRAINAGE.
- 6. CLIMATE.
  - Temperature.
  - Rain-fall.
    - Map showing Rain-fall, Forests, and Average Temperature.
- 7. SOIL.
- 8. PRODUCTIONS.
  - Vegetable.
  - Animal.
  - Mineral.
- 9. ADVANTAGES FOR AGRICULTURE, MINING, MANUFACTURING, AND COMMERCE.

2d.—POLITICAL UNITED STATES.

I. **OUR COUNTRY AS A WHOLE.**—(Pages 28–35).—1. *A Map* dividing the United States into belts and groups for convenience of study, the divisions based upon certain facts of Physical Geography—as the general direction of Coast-lines, Mountains, Plateaus, and Rivers.

(The States of the same group have similar climatic and industrial peculiarities; hence these natural sub-divisions are made the basis for the study of the United States *in Sections or Groups.*)

2. *A Tabular View* of the Groups of States.

3. *A Political Map*—in which State Capitals and important business centres are pointed out by prominent type and by a peculiar device of color.

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5. *The Political Description.*—(*a*) *The People; who they are and what they are doing;* the chief seats and products of the different industries; Commerce—its principal centres and channels; exports, imports; influence of commerce. (*b*) *The General Government of the People:* The Departments. Definitions of Republic, State, Territory, &c.

II. **OUR COUNTRY IN GROUPS OF STATES.**—(Pages 36–63).—Having treated the United States *as a whole,* it is now considered in Groups.

1. *A Map of each Group,* with study and review exercises, giving area and population of each State.

2. *A Description of each Group* as to its position, area, surface, lakes, rivers, climate, soil, productions, people, occupations, commerce, &c.

3. *A Description of each State*—the natural advantages, leading industries, great cities, and other notable facts.

3d.—COMMERCIAL UNITED STATES.

(PAGES 64–67. REVIEW PAGES 33–34.)

I. **HOME INDUSTRIES.**—1. Agriculture, Grazing, Forest Products, Fishing, Minerals, Manufacturing; the *products* of each industry; where produced and for what used; the principal activities of particular States and cities.

2. TRANSPORTATION.—(*a*) *Railroads*—The Eastern, Central, Southern, and Western Trunk Lines described. (*b*) *Interior Waterways*—Atlantic system, the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and the Canals described.

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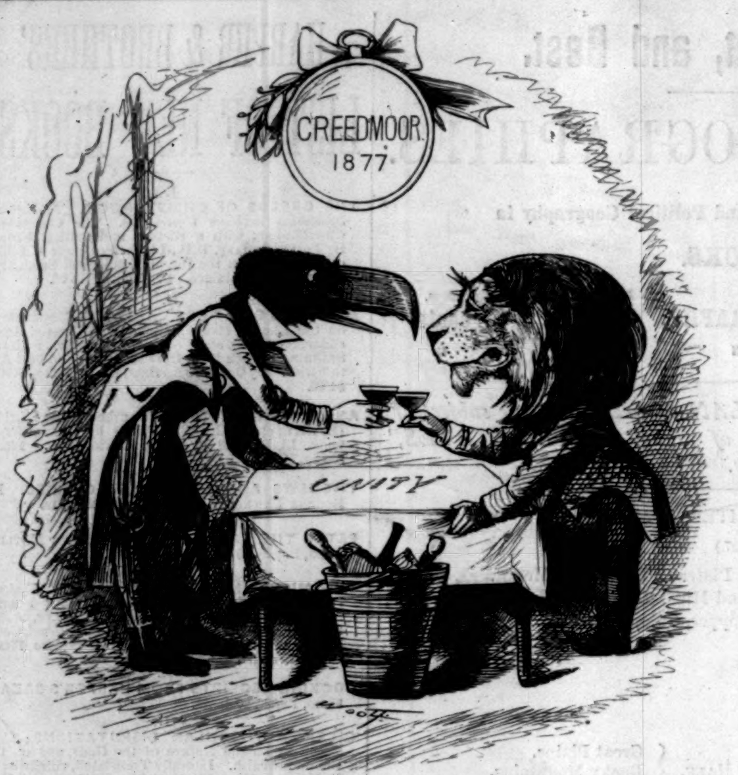
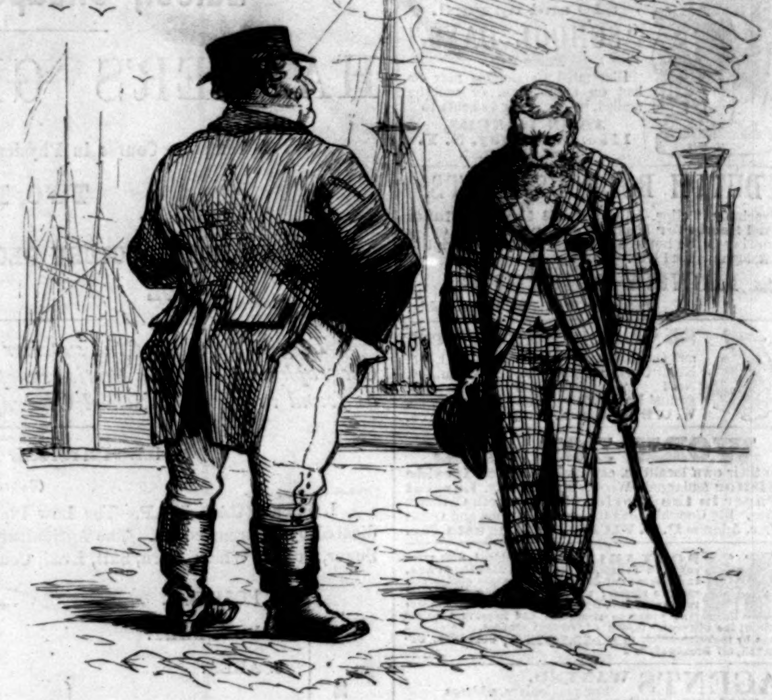


"Well, Leo, here's wishing you better luck next time; and I hope our shooting against one another will never be attended with any more serious consequences than those of Creedmoor."



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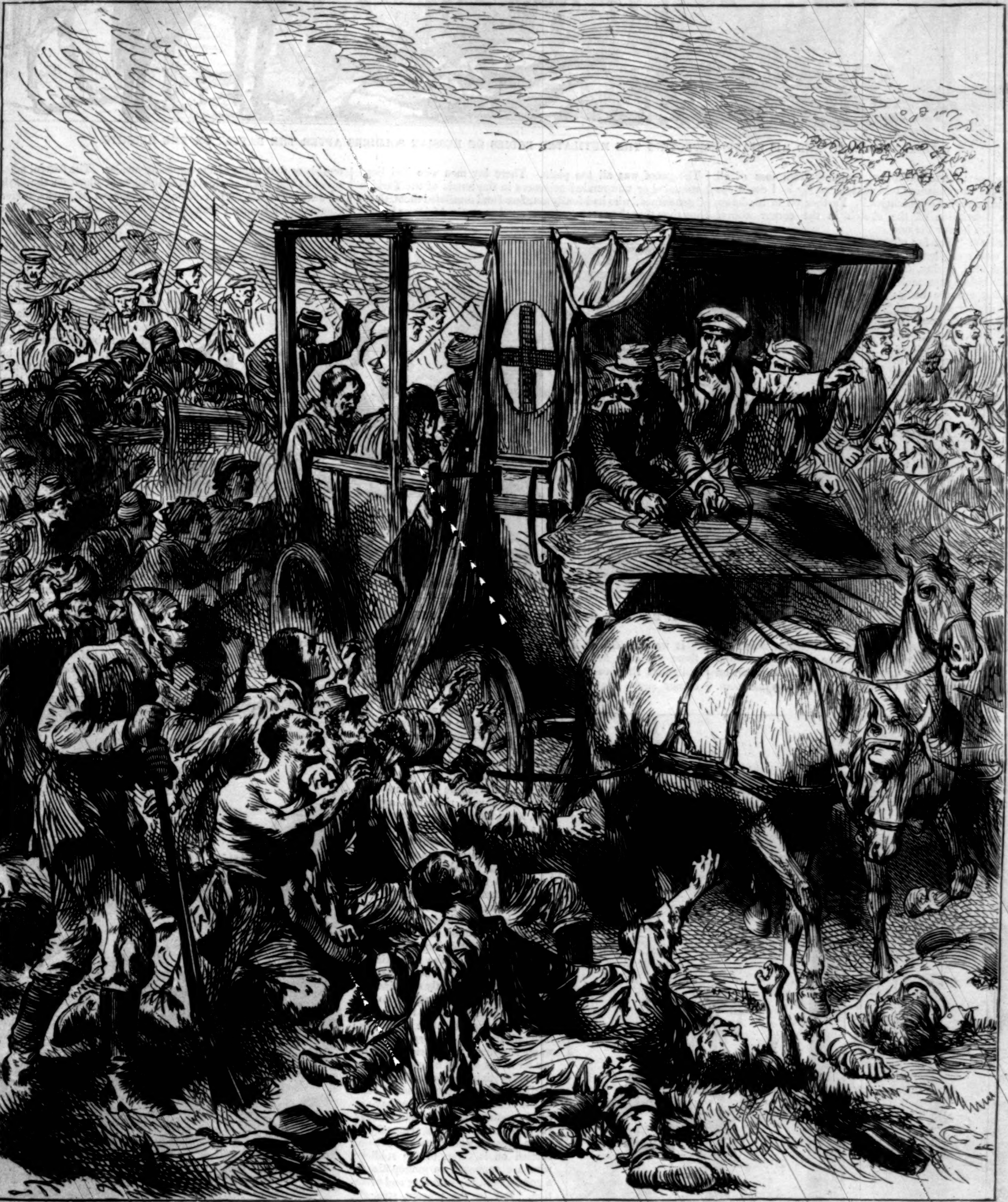
MUSCOVITE AND MOSLEM.

The conflict in the East again furnishes subjects for the illustrations in our Supplement. The ghastly manner in which the war is being carried on gives a terrible significance to such scenes as the one depicted on this page. The Russian soldier knows that the suffering caused by wounds received in the heat of battle is slight compared with the torture he must undergo if left to fall into the hands of the enemy. The removal of the wounded from a battle-field is of necessity a slow and tedious operation, and in the present case attended with no little danger. It is possible that every trip made by the succoring ambulance may be the last, and the sentiment with which the disabled soldier watches the crowded vehicle pass him by amounts to little less than despair. The Turks have no respect for the sacred Red Cross, and the lives of the merciful non-combatants, whose mission it is to convey the wounded from the field, are always in danger from the fanatical fury of the followers of Mohammed. Winning a battle seems to them incomplete unless it is accompanied by the absolute extermination of the enemy. In bombarding a town they fire upon fortress and hospital alike, and the only treatment they reserve for captives is mutilation and death by torture. For this reason it is said that Russian officers always provide themselves with poison at the beginning of an engagement, so that in the event of capture they have a means by which to escape the barbarity of their conquerors. The common soldier is not thoughtful enough to take this precaution, or would, perhaps, lack courage to use it. Thus, while behaving like heroes in the fight, when the din of battle is over they lose all self-control, and plead like children for succor. Unhappily the Russians are not always able to provide for the removal of their wounded after a battle, and many a brave fellow, who might have lived to do good service to his country, is left to the remorseless butchery of the Turks.

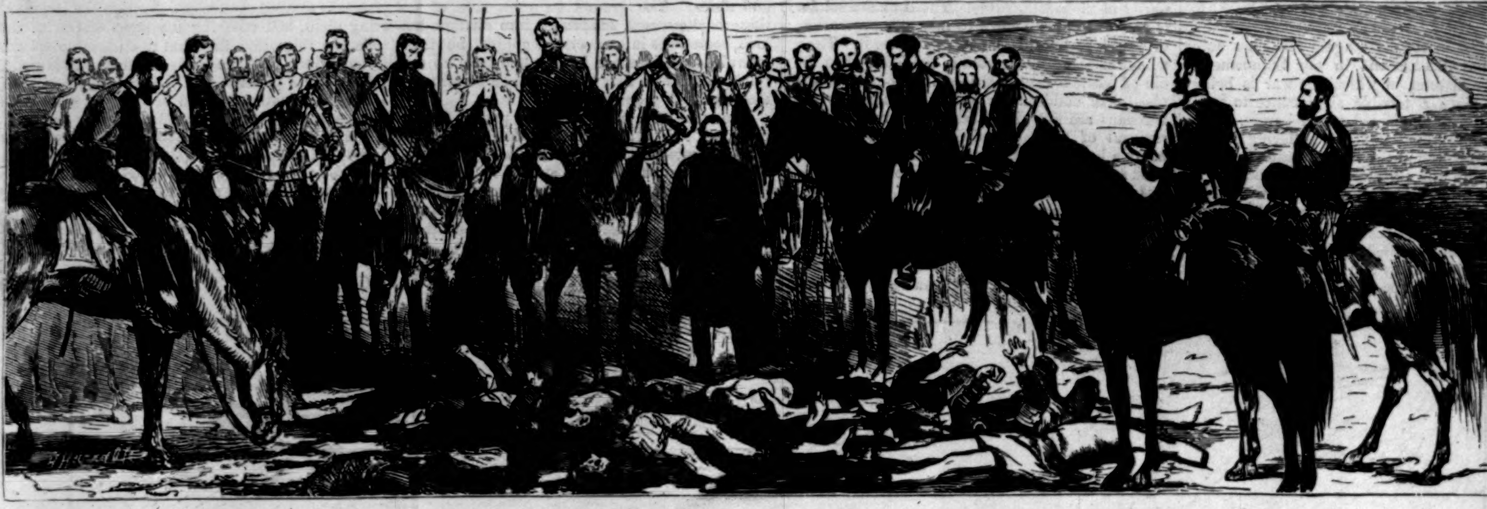


WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIERS BEGGING TO BE CARRIED FROM THE FIELD.

Our double page contains a series of sketches illustrating sights and scenes in and about the famous Shipka Pass, the possession of which has been so fiercely disputed by both parties during the past few weeks. The Shipka Pass, if we may believe the testimony of the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, is not a pass at all in the proper sense of the term. There is no gorge, no defile; no spot where three hundred men could make a new Thermopylæ; no deep-scored trench, as in the Khyber Pass, where an army might be annihilated with little difficulty. Shipka Pass apparently has its name because at this point there happens to be a section of the Balkans of less than average height, the surface of which, from the Jantra Valley on the north to the Tundja Valley on the south, is sufficiently continuous to afford a practicable path. The Balkans usually present a wild jumble of mountains and glens; but here, although the contour is extremely broken and serrated, there is at least opportunity for an army to cross without encountering insuperable difficulties. The ground on each side of the ridge is depressed, sometimes into shallow hollows, sometimes into cavernous gorges; but these lateral depressions are broken and have no continuity, otherwise they would afford a better track than the high ground above.

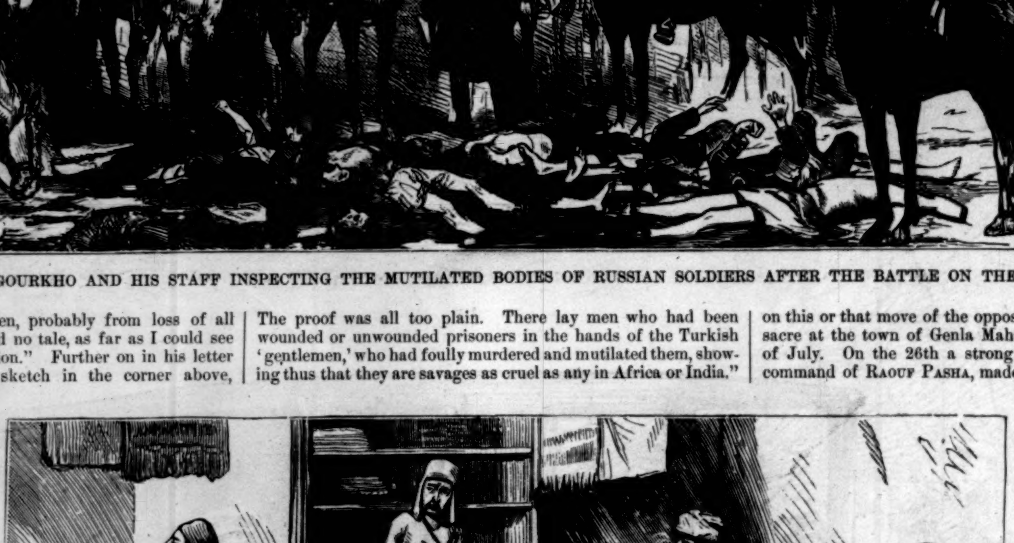
The most elevated point in the pass is flanked on either side behind the lateral depressions by a higher mountainous spur which commands it. From the first of these two spurs a battery might rake the road leading up to the Russian positions. The spurs, however, break off abruptly and precipitously, one on the northern ridge, and therefore afford no access into the valleys north of the Balkans. Their sole use to the Turks, therefore, was in affording positions whence to flank the central Shipka ridge. In spite of the difficulty experienced by the Turks in dislodging the Russians from the Shipka Pass, it does not appear to be what is called a strong position. The strength of a position does not depend wholly on its elevation, or even on the difficulties it offers to a direct attack, but on the clear range around which can be swept by its fire, and the opportunity it possesses to concentrate that fire on critical points. The defect of the Shipka Pass as a defensive position lies in the fact that it can not search with its fire the jumble of lateral valleys and reverse slopes which hem it in. A brigade of light infantry might mass in a hollow within one hundred yards of the Russian first position without exposing itself to the artillery fire. It is also possible for troops to descend from the spurs already alluded to, struggle through the intervening glens, and climbing the steep slopes of the Shipka ridge, give the hand to each other on the road which runs along the summit. This done, the Shipka position would, of course, be turned; but the advantage would be of little avail until the road had been opened by carrying the fortified positions upon it. Without the command of the road an enemy might, indeed, send bands down on the path on to which he had scrambled, into the lower country about Gabrova, to burn and plunder, but the road over the Shipka constitutes for an army the only practical line of communication in that part of the Balkans.

The occupation of the Shipka Pass by General Gourkho has been so accurately followed in our news column, and so frequently alluded to in the various war articles published in the *Weekly*, that a few lines will suffice to explain most of the sketches contained in our double page. The largest illustration shows two important Turkish fortresses that were recently compelled to surrender to the Russians. Two other sketches portray ghastly scenes such as are to be met with every where throughout the war-distracted province of Bulgaria. The horrible group of human heads lying in hideous confusion at the foot of a telegraph pole were found by the artist who sketched them not far from the top of the pass. A correspondent, alluding to the ghastly sight, writes: "There on the greensward lay the heads that had thought and planned and hoped and feared but yesterday, perhaps this morning. But



GENERAL GOURKHO AND HIS STAFF INSPECTING THE MUTILATED BODIES OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AFTER THE BATTLE ON THE HEIGHTS.

they looked small and shrunken, probably from loss of all blood, and the countenances told no tale, as far as I could see in a hurried, horrified examination." Further on in his letter we find a description of the sketch in the corner above, which rivals in horror the one just alluded to: "Not far off stands a circle of Russians, officers and men, gazing, fascinated, at a hideous spectacle. There at last are the bodies collected together for examination; all headless, some cut limb from limb, others mutilated in the foulest manner. But were these men alive or dead when they were thus treated? With regard to some there may be a doubt, but with regard to others no doubt. Here was to be seen a body with wounded finger dressed and the rest cut off ruthlessly, perhaps in struggling with the knife. There lay what was a man, in an attitude showing plainly that he had striven to save his throat; near him was another with the red cross on his arm, having, perhaps, dressed the wounded finger of the first-named; one in the terrible exhibition lay with bared belly, slashed across with knives, and showing that blood had run from the wounds; another had been cut limb from limb. A young and well-shaped form, with clearer skin than the rest, had been beheaded and otherwise shamefully mutilated, but there was not a single wound of any description on his body produced by regular warfare. These are only instances. The proof was all too plain. There lay men who had been wounded or unwounded prisoners in the hands of the Turkish 'gentlemen,' who had foully murdered and mutilated them, showing thus that they are savages as cruel as any in Africa or India."



IN A TURKISH BATH AT KEZANLIK—COSSACKS TRANSFORMED INTO TURKS.

It would seem as if among sights and sounds like these there would be little spirit left for fun or humor among the indignant Russians; but our sketch in the lower right-hand corner shows that all sense of the ludicrous has not been extinguished by horror and bloodshed. As the Russians entered the pass their advance was so rapid that several Turks were surprised while yet in the trees, where they had been stationed, and whence they had not had time to descend. After tormenting the unfortunate Moslems—who presented a very ridiculous appearance, treed like so many opossums—for a time, the Russians, more merciful than their prisoners would have been had the circumstances been reversed, began to exhort them to come down from their perches by crying, "Aman! Aman!"—"I pardon you! I pardon you!" The amazement of the Turks at a clemency of which they never dreamed had, we venture to hope, the effect of impressing them with some idea of the amenities of civilized warfare. The remaining sketches are sufficiently explained by their titles; but in regard to the Russian officers bathing in the mill-stream, we may mention that these insignificant brooks form the only water supply of the district, there being no rivers of any noteworthy size.

The fourth page of our Supplement is given to the representation of some of the fearful massacres that have recently occurred in the Balkan villages. In most countries the sympathy of those present where wars are being carried on is given to the soldiery, who are supposed to monopolize to a great extent the suffering and privation. But in the present struggle, shameful as the statement may seem, it is the rural population of Bulgaria, helpless old men, women, and children, who have suffered most keenly from the horrors of war. The men who are young and strong, both Bulgarians and Turks, have found safety, the former by joining the Russian army, and the latter by becoming Bashi-Bazouks. Both classes have formed themselves into vast bands of merciless executioners, and, under the protection of their respective armies, pillage, murder, ravish, and destroy whoever may belong to another race or creed. From any hill-top the fires of ten or a dozen burning villages may be counted, while every road is crowded with fugitives whose lives depend on this or that move of the opposing armies. The fearful massacre at the town of Genla Mahalissé took place on the 27th of July. On the 26th a strong detachment of Turks, under command of Raouf Pasha, made a reconnoissance from Yeni Saghra, and spent a night near the above-named village, which is situated a little off the line of rail between Yeni Saghra and Tirnova. After the Turks had left, a large body of Circassians returned to the village, and, in the first place, carried off a number of young girls, whose fate can only be guessed at. Not satisfied with this achievement, they came back once more, and this time slaughtered a large portion of the inhabitants.

Having convinced himself that the road was comparatively clear, on the morning of July 30 Raouf Pasha left Yeni Saghra with upward of 7500 men, and marched toward Eski Saghra, with the intention of forming a junction with Suleiman Pasha, who was expected to arrive at that place by Tuesday, the 31st. But, quite unexpectedly, they encountered a Russian force, estimated at 20,000, which occupied a strong position on a hill near the same town of Genla. Both flanks of the Russians were protected by thick woods, and the village itself, which, as well as the woods, was now occupied by armed Bulgarians, afforded

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Russian position, and almos ne fi
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and subjected to fearful b rities,
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men were in the village the lering
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to let me have them, beca he vill
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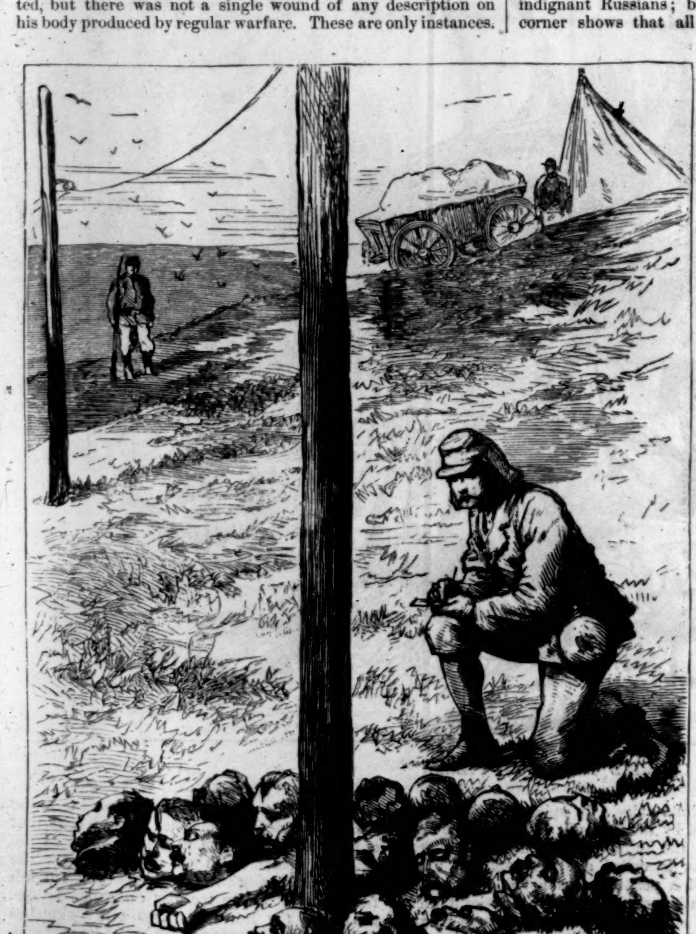
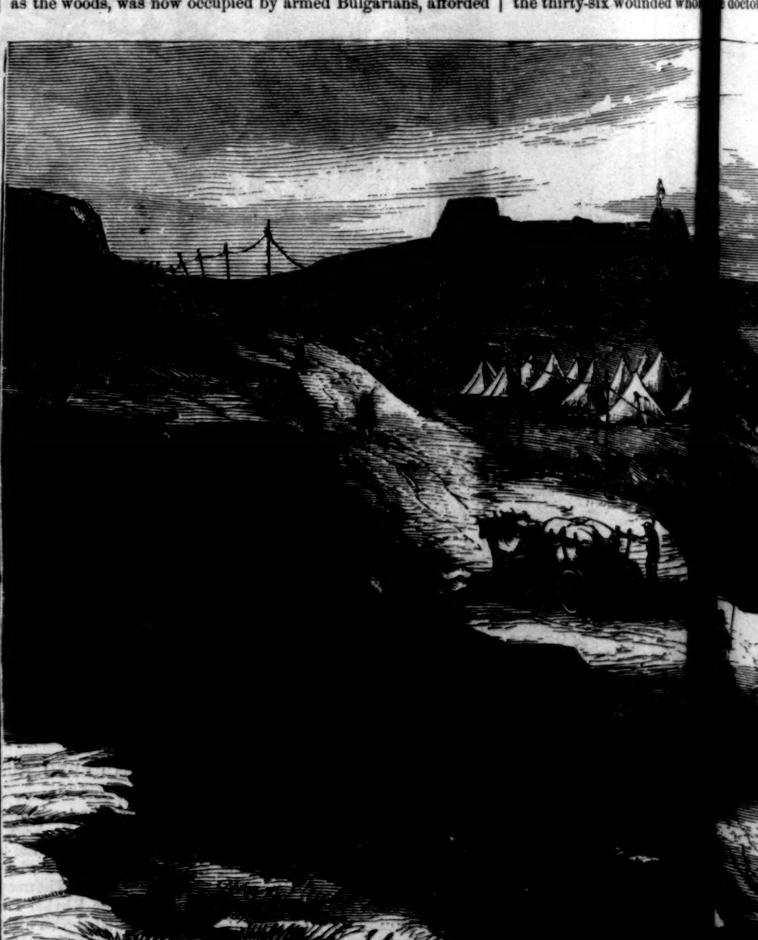


HEADS OF THE RUSSIAN WOUNDED DECAPITATED BY THE TURKS AFTER THE BATTLE ON THE HEIGHTS.



THE HE OF SHI

MILITARY OPERATIONS AND INCIDE IN T

Russians. Raouf Pasha's line
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rch. Here they were remorse-
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Meyrick, of the Aid to the Sick
out and buried 175 bodies of
these there were many others
he village, and thirty-six wound-
the above-named medical offi-
of the scene in the church as
The dead and dying were
e children were crawling about
nded mothers were trying to
find their children, and when
them with the fearful sword-
Many women had been violated
ities, pregnant women ripped
breasts cut off or their hands
other lay stone-dead, and her
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s calling and pushing the dead
ke. Even while these gentle-
lering was going on at another
se ferocious ruffians that their
A Circassian from behind a
Mr. Metrick, but missed him.
ent of the London *Times* made
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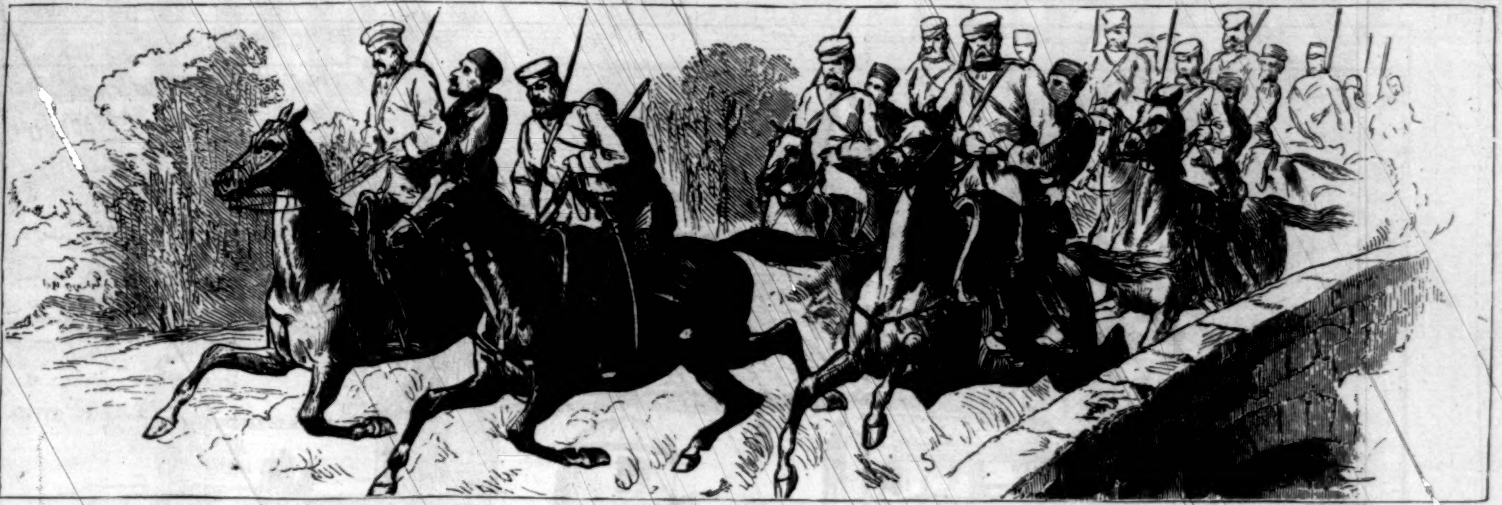
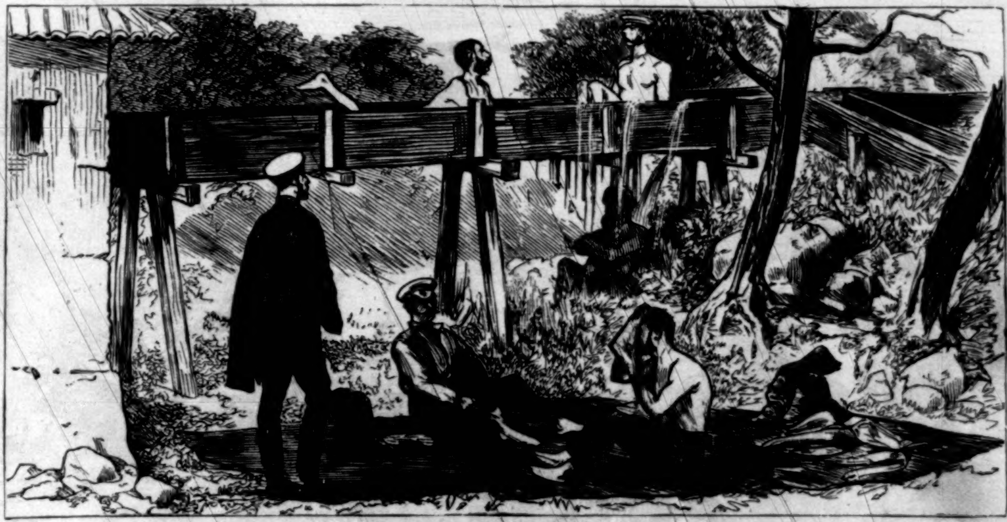
ave taken provisions and am-
e of rail to communicate with
ene of this fearful massacre.
dragoman, got the officer in
of 1200 men—to promise me
r four, which would have been
rived at the place, he refused
he village was Bulgarian, and
e should do any thing to help
ry anxious to learn the fate of
doctors had left in the village,


COSSACKS SAVING WOUNDED BULGARIAN VOLUNTEERS DURING THE BATTLE OF YENI SAGHRA.

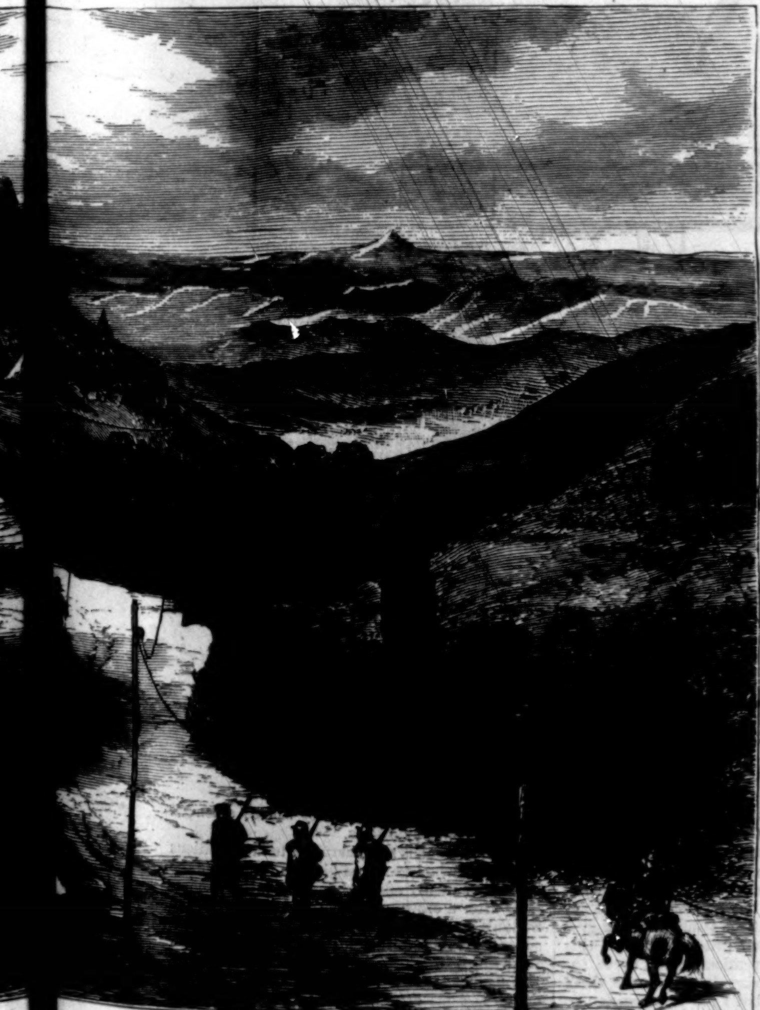
as there was no means of removing them, I went on with my dragoman, and made an arrangement for the train to pick us up again if it came back at all. The village, or rather town—for I suppose it must have contained upward of 4000 inhabitants—had not been burned, except in a few outlying parts, but every house had been pillaged. We directed our steps through the deserted town toward the square wooden church tower, and entered the church-yard, where great mounds of fresh earth bore testimony to the numbers of dead that lay underneath. The scene in the church was one of complete confusion. It is a dark, gloomy building, about sixty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and, sunk about eight feet below the outer surface of the ground, is entered by a flight of steps. A large wooden screen, with a great number of icons, and one large painting of 'St. George and the Dragon,' separates the body of the church from the apse, which, however, does not appear to have been in any way an adytum, and resembled more the slips of a small theatre, with a large rough wooden table and a few wooden benches. Some wooden erections about five feet high, something like stalls in an embryo state, surround the church, and a flight of wooden steps leads up to the gallery, which extends to nearly one-third of the whole body of the building. A pulpit and a reading-desk in Byzantine style complete the church furniture, and added considerably to the general effect of destruction by their tottering attitude. The floor of the church, and especially the steps near the screen, was saturated with blood, and clothes, broken boxes, books, and relics lay in one confused heap. On passing out through a small door at the east end of the church, we came across the few survivors of the massacre, lying all huddled together on one of the great mounds of earth covering the graves—as if they had a superstitious horror of the church itself, but wished to remain as near as possible; for, I am told, the Bulgarians have an idea that it is better to die under the shadow of a sacred building. The party consisted of two very old women, one with her thigh fractured by a musket-ball, the other perfectly insane from terror, besides being blind; another and younger woman, who had been slightly wounded in the body, also appeared insane, for she got up soon afterward and ran away, and we could not find her again. A little girl of five had received a fearful sword-cut on her head, almost down to the skull, and about five inches long; it is a marvel the blow did not kill her. There were two old men also severely wounded. All these, with two orphan children whose parents had been massacred, we, with immense labor, carried out of the church-yard and deposited in a bullock-cart. By this time two Bulgarian men had turned up, and it is hardly credible that we were obliged to thrash one of these idle, stupid vagabonds before he could be induced to go and fetch from the field close to the village the bullock to draw the araba. We could not induce two old women whom we found in another part of the village to accompany us. I regret this above all, as one of them claimed as her own a little girl of about three years old, a most engaging little creature, who, as the old woman was over seventy, could not well have been her daughter. These three I left behind me with many misgivings, but it is difficult to say when and where one is permitted or justified in setting aside the wishes of people even for their own good. I was sorely tempted to take away this fair little girl from these helpless old women, but they cried and begged so hard I would leave her that I at last reluctantly consented. As the Bashi-Bazouks have visited this village every day since the massacre, and have killed one or two more, and as I met a party of these villains just as we got out of the village, I can only suppose these poor old creatures, and probably that little child, will soon be beyond the reach of those hell-fiends, where their terror and sorrow will be alike forgotten."


RUSSIAN OFFICERS BATHING IN A MILL-STREAM AT HAINKOI.

PRINCE CHARLES AND HIS ARMY.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Turnu-Magurelli under date of August 29, gives the following vivid picture of the condition of the Roumanian soldiers in the Russian service:

"When I arrived at Turnu-Magurelli the Roumanian troops were preparing for their passage, which is still going on regularly but slowly under the supervision of Prince Charles and of the President of the Ministerial Council and general factotum, Mr. Bratiano, who improved the shining hour by making a highly 'bunkum' speech, to which the troops responded by enthusiastic cries of '*Viva Roumania! Viva independencia!*' whereat the sovereign was moved to tears, and swore to do or die for the sacred cause. The bands played the national anthem, and the men looked and marched well, but their chiefs did not seem half to like the excursion, and the Prince himself looked care-worn and depressed. That he should be so there is indeed cause enough. His army has been obliged to take the field without any clear understanding of the terms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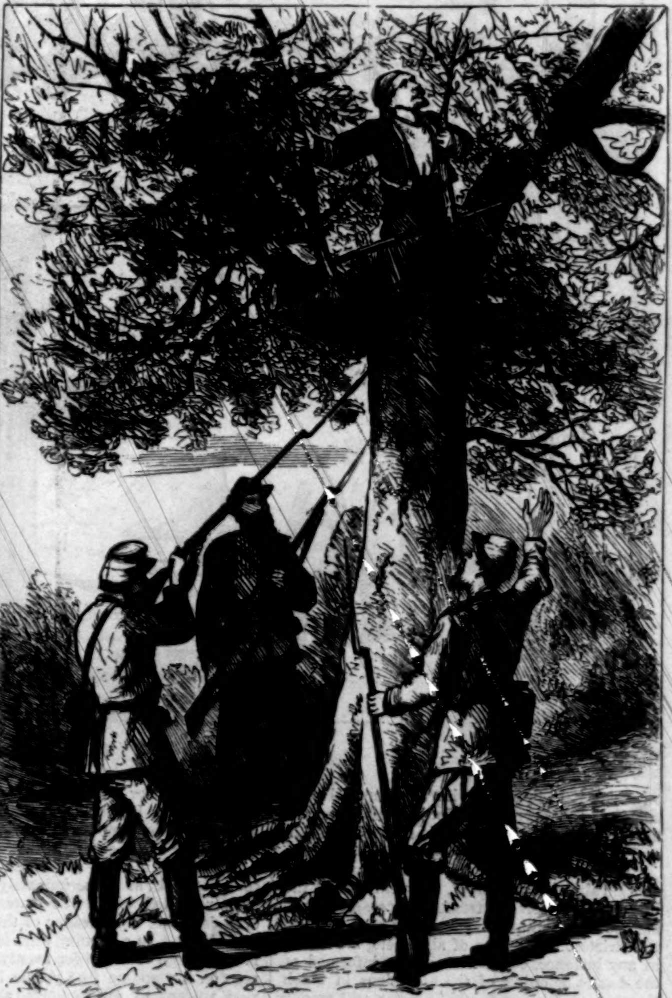
"UP A TREE"—AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF YENI SAGHRA.